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ACADEMIE ROYAL DE MUSIQUE.

DESCRIPTION.

Such is the inappropriate name which now designates the grand French Opera House of the Rue Lepelletier. It is considered indeed as only a temporary Opera House, but is fitted up and supported on a scale of unrivalled magnificence, to which a tax on the gross receipts of all the other theatres of Paris is made to contribute: the management is in the hands of the Government.

The front, one hundred and eight feet in length, by sixty-four in height, is adorned with two perpendicular ranges of columns and nine arcades, facing on the first floor a corresponding number of windows belonging to the saloon. The lower range of columns is of the Doric, the upper of the Ionic order. Above the whole, an entablature, with brackets, supports statues of eight Muses, six feet and a half high: the entire facade being considered as resembling Palladio's celebrated portico of the cathedral of Vicenza. The saloon, brilliantly fitted up with mirrors and lustres, occupies the whole length of the building on the first floor, and the vestibule on the ground floor is of the same length. It is divided into a vestibule exterior, or *d'attente* twenty-five feet wide and the vestibule *d'echange* where the tickets are procured. On each side of the latter is a staircase leading to the first tier of boxes, and the saloon. Other flights conduct from this part to the orchestra and upper part of the house.

The interior is mainly occupied by four principal tiers of boxes, supported by Corinthian *pillars, and finished in blue and gold*: above the lunetts in the *fifth* tier. The house here measures from side to side *sixty-six* feet; the stage is in depth eighty-two, in width *forty-two* feet: beneath is an open space, thirty-two feet deep, for the play of the admirable scene-machinery. An elegant series of elliptic arches supports the dome: and the whole, when lighted up with gas, has a splendor of effect which it is impossible to describe in words.

Communicated for the Casket.

EXTRACTS FROM

DE INTERITU RERUM,

A Poem, delivered by N. C. Brooks, A. M., *at a public Commencement of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, held Feb. 22d, 1833.*

Time's tireless current ever rolls along:
The bright, the beautiful, the gay, the strong,
Till broken on oblivion's livid shore,
Their stories vanish and are seen no more.

Decay has stamped indelibly her name
On every thing, through Nature's general fame;
And, time elapsed, to vast creation's throne,
Call vindictive her right and claim her own;
And wave her dusky banner, wide unfurl'd,
O'er the gray atoms of a crumbled world.

Then mourn not that 'neath the eternal sun,
Thy race, thy destiny, shall soon be run;
And there no more amid the mantling blush
Of blooming nature or her music's gush,
Or in her solemn solitudes be found,
But "dust to dust" be mingled with the ground.

Thine is the fate of each created thing,
Transient and perishable. Lo! the spring
Thus waves o'er field and velvet mead her wand,
And shrines flowers and fragrance o'er the land,
In summer, and the leaves that now
The forest with its emerald shadows,
Faded and sapless by the winds of heaven,
To mankind with the kindred earth are driven.
And the gay petals of the vernal flowers,
That deck with chrysolite the sunny bowers;
Or grassy sward of forest-cinctured dells,
With the rich tints of their silken bells;
The reddening fruit, that like the sapphire gleams,
Or on the bough in golden globules beams,
Wither and languish, and their charms decayed,
Are in earth's common cemetery laid.

* * * * * *

All works of art tend to oblivion lone:
Tower, palace, battlement, and funeral stone—
The apex of the eternal pyramid
Crumbles, and 'mash the rolling sand is hid,
And pompous cities Where now the halls,
The marble fanes within Palmyra's walls?
Strewed with the ground, a monumental pile,
O'er which decay and envious ruin smiles.

Where once above the clouds rose purple Tyre,
With gilded dome, and battlement, and spire,
The mariners doth their angry foam and fret,
And seaworn fishers dry their dripping net.
And centipedal Hebes, that like a rock
Bound man's firm engines and their iron shock,
Fell 'neath the slow yet steady stroke of fate,
Each wall is dust, and battered down each gate.

Where are the splendours of imperial Rome?
Her statues, temples, Capitolian dome,
To which the victor, in triumphal car,
Dragged earth's remotest kings, taken in war;
While "to triumphe," from the myriad train,
Rolled down the Tiber to the purple main.
Where once the palace of the Cæsars rose,
The newt, the lizard, and the toad repose;
And the lone owl hoots where the senate rang,
With the loud eloquence of Tully's tongue.
Nor cities only sink amid the rush
Of time's eternal torrent; empires crush,
Totter and tumble into dread decay,
And robed in dust, for ever pass away.

* * * * * *

The sun shall fade, the mighty sun, the urn
Whence pour the beams of all the stars that burn,
Whose ocean tide rolls o'er the waves of light,
To every star that gilds the gloom of night;
Yes, he shall perish—every planet fall,
And shrouded be in darkness' ebon pall;
The adamantine pillars of high heaven
Be from their everlasting bases riven;
And dark oblivion wave her flag, unfurled,
O'er the gray ruins of a crumbled world.

Then mourn not, mate, the inevitable doom,
The dire, the dark mess of the common tomb;
Let truth gird up thy loins, and virtue's ray
Illume thy footsteps in their downward way.
To the dim vale of shades, the spirit land,
Where silent sleep earth's sons—a mighty band.
And when the night of ages rolls away,
Before the burning beams of endless day,
From out its dusty tenement shall rise
The renovated body to the skies;
And shine in splendour as the golden sun,
When raised in glory on his burning throne;
In deathless bloom for ever live, and smile
O'er earth, and sea, and systems' smouldering pile.

Written for the Casket.

THOUGHT.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think when all is fled
Before the step of pride and scorn;
When friendship's sunny smile is dead,
And earth is drear, and hearts forlorn
'Tis sweet to think one heart is true,
Which poverty can ne'er subdue.

'Tis sweet to think, when grief and tears
Have been our food alone for years;
One heart alone, 'mid thorns and ill,
Will brave the storm and love us still:
'Tis sweet to think, when world formless,
One heart is true, e'en though it breaks.

'Tis sweet to think, when friends below
Look cold and drear, who once have smiled;
Though tempests howl and rude winds blow,
We find the eye we love, still mild:
'Tis sweet to think, though all should fly,
One heart will love us 'till we die.

Colour of Rivers.—The Rhine, in its course from Basle to the Lake of Constance, is bluish; after its issue through the green water of Lake Constance, it is green; and after repeated mixture with the small streams of Furstenwurz, Alsace, and the Lake of Zurich, yellowish green. The Maine, flowing at the foot of granite rocks and plains of Franconia, shows a reddish yellow colour; during great degrees of cold it becomes greenish blue, owing to the deposition of iron ochre; and when, it is not coloured by long continued rains, it flows onward with a pale grey colour. All the rivers of Old Bavaria, are formed of water from lakes and Alpine snow; on the Iller, Isar, and the Inn, are bluish; in spring grass green, and in autumn pale berb

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A travelling correspondent of the New York Mirror, now in Europe, gives the following overwrought description of two rare beauties whom he met at Florence. The pictures are evidently drawn by an enthusiast:—

"The Princess S—— may be twenty-four years of age. She is of the middle height, with a slight stoop in her shoulders, which is rather a grace than a fault. Her bust is exquisitely turned, her neck slender but full, her arms, hands, and feet, those of a Psyche. Her face is the abstraction of highborn Italian beauty—calm, almost to indifference, of an indescribably *glossing paleness*—a complexion that would be alabaster, if it were not for the richness of the blood beneath, betrayed in lips whose depth of color and fineness of curve seem only too curiously beautiful to be the work of nature. Her eyes are dark and large, and must have had an indolent expression in her childhood, but are now the seat and soul of feeling. She dresses her hair with a kind of characteristic departure from the mode, parting its glossy flakes on her brow with nymph-like simplicity, a peculiarity which one regrets not to see in the too Parisian dress of her person. In her manners she is strikingly elegant, but without being absent; she seems to give an unconscious attention to what is about her, and intending it, merely because she could not listen or speak otherwise. Her voice is sweet, and in her own Italian, mellow and soft to a degree inconceivable by those who have not heard this delicious language spoken in its native land. With all these advantages, and a look of pride that nothing could insult, there is an expression in her beautiful face that reminds you of her sex and its temptations, and prepares you fully for the history which you may hear from the first woman that stands at your elbow.

The other is an English girl of seventeen, shrinking timidly from the crowd, and leaning with her hands clasped over her father's arm, apparently listening only to the waltz, and unconscious that every eye is fixed on her in admiration. She has lived all her life in Italy but has been bred by an English mother, in a retired villa of the Vald' Arno—her character and feelings are those of her race, and nothing of Italy is out her, but the glow of its sunny clime in the clear spotless snow of her complexion, and an enthusiasm in her downcast eye, that you may account for as you will—it is not English. Her form has just ripened into womanhood. The bust still wants fulness, and the step confidence. Her forehead is rather too intellectual to be maidenly; but the droop of her singularly long eyelashes, over eyes that elude the most guarded glance of your own, and the modest expression of her lips, closed but not pressed together, redeem her from any look of conscious superiority, and convince you that she only seeks to be unobserved. A single ringlet of golden brown hair falls nearly to her shoulder, catching the light upon its glossy curves with an effect that would enchant a painter. Lillies of the valley, the first of the season, are in her bosom and her hair, and she might be the personification of the flower of delicacy and beauty. You are only disappointed in talking with her. She expresses herself with a nerve and self command which, from a slight glance, you did not anticipate. She shrinks from the general eye, but in conversation she is the high-minded woman more than the timid child, for which her manner seems to mark her. In either light, she is the very presence of purity. She stands by the side of her not less beautiful rival, like a Madonna by a Magdalen—both seem not at home in the world, but only one could have dropped from heaven."

Rocks of Lake Superior.

BY GOVERNOR CASS.

Upon the southern coast of Lake Superior, about fifty miles from the falls of St. Mary, are the immense precipitous cliffs, called by the voyagers, Le Pottrail and the Pictured Rocks. This name has been given them in consequence of the different appearance which they present to the traveller, as he passes their base in his canoe. It requires little aid from the imagination to discern in them the castellated tower and lofty dome, spires and pinnacles, and every sublime, grotesque, or fantastic shape which the genius of architecture ever invented. These cliffs are an unbroken mass of rocks, rising to an elevation of 300 feet above the level of the lake, and stretching along the coast for fifteen miles. The voyagers never pass this coast except in the most profound calm; and the Indians, before they make the attempt, offer their accustomed oblations, to propitiate the favour of their Manitas. The eye instinctively searches along this eternal rampart for a single place of security; but the search is vain. With an impassable barrier of rocks on one side, and an interminable expanse of water on the other, a sudden storm upon the lake would as inevitably insure destruction of the passenger in his frail canoe, as if he were on the brink of the cataract of Niagara. The rock itself is a sandstone, which is disentegrated by the continual action of the water with comparative facility. There are no broken masses upon which the eye can rest and find relief. The lake is so deep, that these masses, as they are torn from the precipice, are concealed beneath its waves until they are reduced to sand. The action of the waves has undermined every projecting point: and there the immense precipice rests upon arches, and the foundation is intersected with caverns in every direction.

When we passed this immense fabric of nature, the wind was still, and the lake was calm. But even the slightest motion of the waves, which, in the most profound calm, agitates these internal seas, swept through the deep caverns with the noise of distant thunder, and died away upon the ear as it rolled forward in the dark recesses, inaccessible to human observation. No sound more melancholy or more awful ever vibrated upon human nerves. It has left an impression which neither time nor distance can ever efface. Resting in a frail bark canoe upon the limpid waters of the lake, we seemed almost suspended in air, so pellucid is the element upon which we floated. In gazing upon the towering battlements which impended over us, and from which the smallest fragment would have destroyed us, we felt, intensely, our own insignificance. No situation can be imagined, more appalling to the courage, or more humbling to the pride of man. We appeared like a speck upon the face of creation. Our whole party, Indians and voyagers, and soldiers, officers, and servants, contemplated in mute astonishment the awful display of creative power, at whose base we hung; and no sound broke upon the ear to interrupt the ceaseless roaring of the waters. No splendid cathedral, no temple built with human hands, no pomp of worship could ever impress the spectator with such humility, and so strong a conviction of the immense distance between him and the Almighty Architect.

THE ITALIAN BRIDE.

CONCLUDED.

The elated lieutenant, repaying her condescension by such amorous worship as a mortal might lavish on a descended goddess, was solely occupied with the hope of making Italia eternally and speedily his—and grown as utterly oblivious of his revered mother, his cousin, so lately loved, and left his various social duties, (for he infringed none professional,) and indispensable offices, as if he had drank of Lethe's ware. He had early become such insufferable company, that young Coxton had quitted town in thorough disgust at his strange stupidity, and as much wonder as to its secret cause. Melven only waited his departure to shift his lodgings from the hotel into a more convenient privacy, in the immediate neighborhood of the Haymarket, in order that each moment necessarily spent away from his fascinator, might be employed in gazing on the home irradiated by her presence, and in taking note of her movements and her visitors. These last decreased daily; for Italia, in the flutter of feelings as novel as they were exquisite, found herself unable to endure a confinement to the unvarying routine of the *studio*, and declined the applications of all new comers. Yet though she could scarce be said to exist apart from her lover, he vainly pressed his proposals of marriage on her. To her melancholy fancy, fraught with superstitious presentiment, it seemed ominous that the fatal crucifix, so long lost, was restored to her by the one dearest to her heart, and bidding herself, in her sad fits, as ordained to be the bride, not of earthly spouse but of heaven. Theodore's petitions on the subject, uppermost in his thoughts, were, if not positively rejected, either evaded or indefinitely postponed. She accepted, nevertheless, his society as her sweetest indulgence; and suffered him continually to pour forth his fond expostulations and prayers for her consent, which permission he rightly construed into a certainty of their final success. Meanwhile the picture served as an excuse for his repeated visits; and like the Grecian sculptor of old, the lovely painter, while bending over the ivory, enlivened by her touches, felt more and more enamoured of the work of her own hand. At last its completion was achieved—and a finished piece it was, well worthy of Greece—but it went not to the original, who, in a rapture of proud affection, enjoyed the triumph of hanging it about the neck of his princely captor, and received instead her miniature appended to a chain, more precious to him than a string of orient rubies, as being worn out of a lock, severed by himself from the luxuriant treasures of her beauteous head.

The morning after this exchange of likenesses took place, Melven did not make his usual appearance in the *boudoir*: Italia tried to be patient, and to busy herself in assigning a thousand reasons for his absence. The evening passed away—and no Theodore; she grew restless, nervous, and after lingering for him till the last minute, went to bed, suffering under a violent sick head ache. The next day was spent in an agony of suspense, brought over a note, couched in brief but tenderest phrase, and saying that the orders of his physician, more than a really slight indisposition kept him within doors, and from her and happiness. The alarmed girl asked the man no questions; returned no reply by him. She knew by the instinct of her own heart, that nothing less than a dangerous necessity would have made Melven submit to be detained two days from her, and her resolution was instantly taken. Without a word of comment or information to her aged friend, she threw a veil over her head, and went over to the residence of her lover. Had a spiritual visitant burst in glory on his sight, it could not have more surprised and affected him than did the sudden apparition of the bright and benign being, who, trembling with uncontrollable emotion, yet struggling with all her might to be calm, threw herself into his arms, and declared her purpose to watch over and wait upon his illness with a sister's care and tendance. Theodore's disorder, a malignant sore throat of the infectious kind, rendered his speech as a distinct as it was difficult; but he made the effort—a most painful one—to remonstrate and to implore her, as she valued his love and his life, to be gone—and to spare him the dreadful fear of her imbibing the disease, and perhaps compromising her character by such a step.

But, though Italia heard, she heeded not his arguments. "You are ill!—you are alone!" was her emphatic reply; "I love you—I am plighted to you. In my own happy land, I might do this without fear or reproach; here I take counsel only of my heart; that tells me, I do right. On this I swear not to leave you while you are sick and need me." And, in confirmation of her words, she kissed the golden emblem of her faith.

Melven's rapid complaint had nearly reached its crisis, and the night was one of suffocating spasm and violent oppression to him—of unmixed anguish and almost despair to his fond attendant. Yet still the strength of woman's love gave fortitude and firmness to woman's fragile frame; like a ministering angel she hovered about him, with cheering smiles and gentlest care and caresses. Choking and gasping for breath, Theodore paced the chamber for several hours in delirious torture, unable to articulate a syllable, or to retain a recumbent posture; and impatient and ungovernable as he always showed himself in sickness, he now spurned all medicine, and repulsed all assistance, save when tendered by his adored *princessa*. Her patient sweetness and soft endearments prevailed with him in his wildest paroxysms; the doctor's prescriptions, faithfully complied with, proved in the end effectual, and before morning the worst symptoms had abated, and the sufferer experienced considerable relief. When, towards dawn, he sunk into an easy slumber of some continuance, the soul of the transported Italia soared to the third heaven!—and as her warm tears fell over the pale face of the sleeper, they flowed less from joy than as an effusion of pious gratitude. He awoke: the medical men had interdicted all exertion, but his eager acknowledgment would not be restrained. He clasped the soft fingers that trembled on his pulse, and whispered, "I receive my life at your hands, only to consecrate it hereafter to your happiness. Italia! sweetest! dearest! kiss me only once." And the fair maiden, all-blushingly stooped down, and obeyed the empassioned request.

The pathos of the scene was now over, though the delight remained; for one of the physicians entering just then, pronounced Mr. Melven to be in a fair way of recovery, and Italia as the worker of the miracle. But the powerful remedies found necessary to check an attack so violent, had produced a correspondent debility, that seemed to threaten a long and tedious confinement; and Theodore had been so soothed and served by the presence and the attentions of his Italian love, that he no longer opposed her resolve to prolong her stay while she could be of any use to him. 'Tis true, he once made a faint proposal that Monica, who was once noted for her cleverness about sick people, should replace her young lady as head nurse; but Italia would not hear of a successor in her labor of love—especially one who spoke no English; though she immediately modified the arrangement, by summoning her duenna to act—not as the guardian of his health, but of her reputation. The mischief was, however, already done, as Theodore afterwards found out. At present he deemed a punctilious fuss about such minor points, of little consequence, as their marriage was now a settled thing. His fine constitution being uninjured by excesses, and his mind reposing in a "sober certainty of waking bliss," he soon falsified the prognostics of the doctors, and in a week's time fancied himself as well as ever. Within that short space was condensed the happiness of ages: long afterwards did he recur to it—not as "the greenest spot on memory's waste,"—but as the blackest brand stamped on the tablet of remembrance, and the bitterest source of self-accusing shame and remorseful agony. During its winged progress, he drank one deep draught of pure Elysian bliss; and while the divine creature who had so sacrificed herself for him, sat by his side—

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies,"

in a charming confusion of blushes and smiles, his thoughts and his tongue run on nothing else but the wedding—"consummation devoutly [and immediately] to be wished." But here a fresh obstacle interposed itself; for the signora, fondly—and to her incredibly—as she loved a heretic, clung fast to the exclusive tenets of her church; and to its special requirement, in a case like the present, of a dispensation from the proper ecclesiastical authority. The young officer, who cared little whether the nuptial rite was performed by protestant or papist, but burning with impatience to have it happily over, made haste to address himself for the required rescript to her friend, the Archbishop, who was likewise his acquaintance: all other preparation was, of course, put off as dependent on the adjustment of this grand preliminary. After a morning spent in hanging over Italia's fairy form, in listening to the silvery tones of Italia's voice and lute, Theodore returned home—for she had now resumed her own apartment—in a delicious reverie, which was quickly dispelled on entering his chamber, where he found a new and most unpleasant theme for reflection awaiting him, in the shape of a letter from his mother. With a pang of upbraiding conscience, he proceeded to break up the seal, and inform himself of the contents. He had written her not a word of his illness—few or none of his friends in town knew of it, or of his continuance among them—he thought he could rely on the tried fidelity of his servant, to betray nothing entrusted to him; and yet here was positive proof that the news had reached the Wheat Fields, as the Melven homestead was called, out of compliment to the extraordinary growth of that grain there: moreover, he had notified his correspondents to direct to him in New Kent, whither his friend Henry was gone. Mrs. Melven's missive, after referring to her unanswered communications, sent to that county, entreated, in the most urgent strain, that her son would join them without delay; spoke of her own health as much impaired, by recent events, not particularized; and ended with the delivery of many fond charges from his cousin, or as she expressed it, "her daughter Lucy." There was no complaint of his slighting them—not a covert or open reproof of his silence; nevertheless many weeks had elapsed, since he had more than once recollected his mother, and then only in reference to the mode of breaking to her his intended marriage. Of her approbation, he had no more doubt than of his own existence; for he felt as if, in presenting such a bride to his family, he was about to invest it with the honors of a royal alliance. Miss Aylett's very existence had been forgotten by Melven, in the delightful delirium of his intercourse with her rival; and now the artless and affectionate tenor of her missives, cut him to the heart. He closed the letter, and made every effort to dismiss it from his thoughts—but all would not do. He read it over and over again, and each line smote him with a new sense of his cruel, his unpardonable neglect of his only and most excellent parent. He became sensible, with an acute but too late conviction, of all the duty and deference which he owed and had failed in to her—of all that his manner had, not long since, conveyed and confirmed to his innocent and injured relative. Then the image of his betrothed Italia glided before his mind's eye, in the umbrosial freshness of her grace and majestic beauty, like the Paphian queen arising in the first glow of her immortal charms from the sea; and he sought no brighter or better excuse for his manifold offences against filial and family duty, even to himself, or nothing of the kind. The letter which he held in his hand, afforded an admirable opening for the announcement of his present engagement, and its approaching conclusion so, snatching up a pen, he began to dash off a long reply, enlarging on the princely lineage and perfect endowments of the fair Roman, on the distinction conferred by her deigning to accept his addresses, and on her devoted attachment to one in every respect so inferior to her incomparable self. All at once he stopped, struck with a sudden fear; what if Mrs. Melven, hearing of her son's late attack, had heard also of the singular but noble conduct by which Italia had flown signalised that love? With the bare supposition, how did his views of that generous indecorum become chilled and changed! He saw as plainly as if she stood in bodily presence before him, his mother harkening, with shocked and incredulous air, to the strange relation; her cold and sarcastic, yet indignant, condemnation of such odious and inconceivable indelicacy, fell in blighting accents on his ear—and he turned away from the contemplation, sharing the disquiet and contempt with which, as a rigid disciplinarian, she was certain to visit such an irregular proceeding. The heroic heart, which had thus preferred feeling to form—the exalted sensibility, that had foregone the appearance of propriety for its very essence—were arraigned and judged by a false prejudice; and for a while the ungrateful Melven's displeasure at an act, which had saved his life, degraded his divinity into an ordinary and most imprudent mortal. And though paramount love, bringing a thousand palliatives for Italia's rashness, soon chased away the unamiable emotion, and she stood absolved and triumphantly restored to the esteem and admiration of her lover—still her empire over him had sustained its first weakening shock, and was rendered the more susceptible of being hereafter easily shaken. Now full of contrite passion, and leaving his letter half-finished, he hastened to expiate his momentary injustice at the feet of his betrothed queen. The Archbishop's official epistle had just arrived, sanctioning and bestowing his benediction on their union; Theodore found his sweet Italia more beautiful, more tender than ever—and once more the halcyon train of peace and love sported within his breast.

"The golden hours, on angel's wings,
Flew o'er him and his dearie;"

and they separated something later than usual, after a long evening of rapturous anticipation and sweet strife about the arrangements of their bridal state. Melven, on going home, was passing by the parlor, on his way up stairs, when, startling him like the explosion of a thunder-cloud, he heard his name uttered from within; he paused in amazement, almost amounting to terror: it was his mother's voice that called again—and he advanced towards the invoking sound. Pale, and seemingly ready to sink with fatigue, a lady sat in a travelling dress beside the dim fire, which burned, for it was early autumn, in the grate. A hundred horrid surmises flashed with the sight through Theodore's brain; was it, indeed, his mother, in actual body and blood, whose appearance petrified her son like that of one arisen from the grave—or her incorporeal double, sent to warn him of impending disaster and death? On what awful errand was either bound? For nothing, he felt assured, but tidings of stern import would come from the living woman any more than from an unearthly messenger. His slow steps had now brought him close enough to ascertain that he saw before him no vision of distempered fancy or immaterial being—but Mrs. Melven herself, however strange, was there. An affectionate but solemn greeting was all, at first, exchanged between them; for Theodore's mind had been too highly excited to recover itself at once, and his mother saw and resolved not to forfeit her vantage ground. In answer to his pressing offers, when made, of refreshment and immediate rest, she positively refused both: he inquired, with much solicitude, after her health—"that," she replied, "depended upon him." Recurring then to her sudden and late arrival, he begged to know what had brought her down to Richmond in a manner so mysterious, and for the first time since his remembrance: she fixed her searching eyes full upon him—he eagerly repeated the question.

"To prevent the eternal disgrace of our family," was her impressive answer—"to save the name of Melven from utter and approaching infamy."

"The eternal disgrace of our family," reiterated the astonished young man; "my dearest mother, you surely jest—I won't say rave! By whom or with what disgrace is our family threatened? And am not I—its head—the chief of the name of Melven—the one to repel or revenge any wrong or reflection upon either?"

With the look and gesture of the stern seer commissioned to convict the royal Psalmist of his sin, she raised her hand, and pointing with melancholy emphasis at Theodore, said, "Thou, my unhappy son, art the man about to inflict both." And without a pause, or farther preface, she entered upon the subject of what she styled his amour with a wild Italian adventuress. She reiterated the high standing and unsullied honor of their ancient house—rich, not merely in the superfluities of worldly wealth, but in the more precious possession of public esteem and private and transmissive worth, and placed them in strong contrast with the absurd pretensions and haughty self-conceit of a *soi-disant* (but, however, was not her word,) sprig of foreign and beggarly nobility, vainly priding herself on a few superficial accomplishments. But she was soon warmed from this strain by the impetuous anger of Theodore, who, on fire at such imputations cast on his illustrious betrothed, burst into an indignant assertion of her rights—and his fancy, kindling with the theme, the voice of truth speaking from his lips shook and almost triumphed over the Virginia prejudices of his unjust parent. Rallying herself, however, she went on to represent—and here she touched the right string—the dignity, the decorous observance and the immaculate purity of his female ancestry, on both sides; which of them, she asked of the confused lover, would not have revolted in horror from the Italian *princessa's* bold and unsexual choice of a profession so public and promiscuous in its exercise—or would not have died ere they had been guilty of such an audacious defiance, alike of American prescription and feminine reserve, as to become the inmate of a single man's house? And now was Italia destined to pay the penalty inevitably attendant on a breach of this sort, from whatever holy and generous motive proceeding: for never yet did woman violate, at the bidding of love, those formal restrictions, constituting at once her security and strong-hold, not only on the esteem of the world but on the regard of her lover, without finding herself punished, sooner or later, by the contempt of the very man for whom she dared, however innocently, to overstep the boundaries of her sex. Theodore, wincing under the delicate discussion, betrayed this weak point to his skilful assailant, and was at first silenced, less by her logic than by his own unacknowledged, but irrepressible shame at being bound to such a deliquent. In a moment, though the recollection came flooding over his heart of all that his impeached Italia had then done and endured for his sake—of the virgin modesty of thought and action, which, like a graceful drapery thrown about the perfect proportions of some "poetic marble," had ever tempered the depth of that fond self-devotion—and of the excuse for her inconsiderate trespass against the established usages of society here, in its conformity with the common and approved practice of her native Italy; abhorring himself for the cowardice that had faltered one instant, he vindicated her cause with the passionate eloquence of one pleading in defence, not only of a mistress, but of his preserver. But his prepossessed auditor, who listened in obstinate incredulity, was not thus to be driven from her purpose; by turns she argued, she persuaded, and from expostulation descended to entreaty: the tone of her son's rejoinder was respectful but resolute, in declining any further contention on a topic so nice and vexatious. He assured his mother of all his duty and affection—thanked her warmly and sincerely for all her kind cares and uniform and attentive love for him, and even for this last, most painful evidence of it—but in the same breath he firmly declared his determination to surrender his princely bride to no human opposition, save what, he proudly added, was little to be apprehended, her own. He implored his angry auditor only to see and hear her future daughter-in-law, and offered to stake the issue of his engagement on the effect of that single conference. As to sneers and insendoes directed against her selection of a respectable profession, they passed by him like the idle wind, provoking neither beyond a [illegible] Then letter which he held in his hand, afforded an admirable opening for the announcement of his present engagement, and its approaching conclusion so, snatching up a pen, he began to dash off a long reply, enlarging on the princely lineage and perfect endowments of the fair Roman, on the distinction conferred by her deigning to accept his addresses, and on her devoted attachment to one in every respect so inferior to her incomparable self. All at once he stopped, struck with a sudden fear; what if Mrs. Melven, hearing of her son's late attack, had heard also of the singular but noble conduct by which Italia had flown signalised that love? With the bare supposition, how did his views of that generous indecorum become chilled and changed! He saw as plainly as if she stood in bodily presence before him, his mother harkening, with shocked and incredulous air, to the strange relation; her cold and sarcastic, yet indignant, condemnation of such odious and inconceivable indelicacy, fell in blighting accents on his ear—and he turned away from the contemplation, sharing the disquiet and contempt with which, as a rigid disciplinarian, she was certain to visit such an irregular proceeding. The heroic heart, which had thus preferred feeling to form—the exalted sensibility, that had foregone the appearance of propriety for its very essence—were arraigned and judged by a false prejudice; and for a while the ungrateful Melven's displeasure at an act, which had saved his life, degraded his divinity into an ordinary and most imprudent mortal. And though paramount love, bringing a thousand palliatives for Italia's rashness, soon chased away the unamiable emotion, and she stood absolved and triumphantly restored to the esteem and admiration of her lover—still her empire over him had sustained its first weakening shock, and was rendered the more susceptible of being hereafter easily shaken. Now full of contrite passion, and leaving his letter half-finished, he hastened to expiate his momentary injustice at the feet of his betrothed queen. The Archbishop's official epistle had just arrived, sanctioning and bestowing his benediction on their union; Theodore found his sweet Italia more beautiful, more tender than ever—and once more the halcyon train of peace and love sported within his breast.

"The golden hours, on angel's wings,
Flew o'er him and his dearie;"

and they separated something later than usual, after a long evening of rapturous anticipation and sweet strife about the arrangements of their bridal state. Melven, on going home, was passing by the parlor, on his way up stairs, when, startling him like the explosion of a thunder-cloud, he heard his name uttered from within; he paused in amazement, almost amounting to terror: it was his mother's voice that called again—and he advanced towards the invoking sound. Pale, and seemingly ready to sink with fatigue, a lady sat in a travelling dress beside the dim fire, which burned, for it was early autumn, in the grate. A hundred horrid surmises flashed with the sight through Theodore's brain; was it, indeed, his mother, in actual body and blood, whose appearance petrified her son like that of one arisen from the grave—or her incorporeal double, sent to warn him of impending disaster and death? On what awful errand was either bound? For nothing, he felt assured, but tidings of stern import would come from the living woman any more than from an unearthly messenger. His slow steps had now brought him close enough to ascertain that he saw before him no vision of distempered fancy or immaterial being—but Mrs. Melven herself, however strange, was there. An affectionate but solemn greeting was all, at first, exchanged between them; for Theodore's mind had been too highly excited to recover itself at once, and his mother saw and resolved not to forfeit her vantage ground. In answer to his pressing offers, when made, of refreshment and immediate rest, she positively refused both: he inquired, with much solicitude, after her health—"that," she replied, "depended upon him." Recurring then to her sudden and late arrival, he begged to know what had brought her down to Richmond in a manner so mysterious, and for the first time since his remembrance: she fixed her searching eyes full upon him—he eagerly repeated the question.

"To prevent the eternal disgrace of our family," was her impressive answer—"to save the name of Melven from utter and approaching infamy."

"The eternal disgrace of our family," reiterated the astonished young man; "my dearest mother, you surely jest—I won't say rave! By whom or with what disgrace is our family threatened? And am not I—its head—the chief of the name of Melven—the one to repel or revenge any wrong or reflection upon either?"

With the look and gesture of the stern seer commissioned to convict the royal Psalmist of his sin, she raised her hand, and pointing with melancholy emphasis at Theodore, said, "Thou, my unhappy son, art the man about to inflict both." And without a pause, or farther preface, she entered upon the subject of what she styled his amour with a wild Italian adventuress. She reiterated the high standing and unsullied honor of their ancient house—rich, not merely in the superfluities of worldly wealth, but in the more precious possession of public esteem and private and transmissive worth, and placed them in strong contrast with the absurd pretensions and haughty self-conceit of a *soi-disant* (but, however, was not her word,) sprig of foreign and beggarly nobility, vainly priding herself on a few superficial accomplishments. But she was soon warmed from this strain by the impetuous anger of Theodore, who, on fire at such imputations cast on his illustrious betrothed, burst into an indignant assertion of her rights—and his fancy, kindling with the theme, the voice of truth speaking from his lips shook and almost triumphed over the Virginia prejudices of his unjust parent. Rallying herself, however, she went on to represent—and here she touched the right string—the dignity, the decorous observance and the immaculate purity of his female ancestry, on both sides; which of them, she asked of the confused lover, would not have revolted in horror from the Italian *princessa's* bold and unsexual choice of a profession so public and promiscuous in its exercise—or would not have died ere they had been guilty of such an audacious defiance, alike of American prescription and feminine reserve, as to become the inmate of a single man's house? And now was Italia destined to pay the penalty inevitably attendant on a breach of this sort, from whatever holy and generous motive proceeding: for never yet did woman violate, at the bidding of love, those formal restrictions, constituting at once her security and strong-hold, not only on the esteem of the world but on the regard of her lover, without finding herself punished, sooner or later, by the contempt of the very man for whom she dared, however innocently, to overstep the boundaries of her sex. Theodore, wincing under the delicate discussion, betrayed this weak point to his skilful assailant, and was at first silenced, less by her logic than by his own unacknowledged, but irrepressible shame at being bound to such a deliquent. In a moment, though the recollection came flooding over his heart of all that his impeached Italia had then done and endured for his sake—of the virgin modesty of thought and action, which, like a graceful drapery thrown about the perfect proportions of some "poetic marble," had ever tempered the depth of that fond self-devotion—and of the excuse for her inconsiderate trespass against the established usages of society here, in its conformity with the common and approved practice of her native Italy; abhorring himself for the cowardice that had faltered one instant, he vindicated her cause with the passionate eloquence of one pleading in defence, not only of a mistress, but of his preserver. But his prepossessed auditor, who listened in obstinate incredulity, was not thus to be driven from her purpose; by turns she argued, she persuaded, and from expostulation descended to entreaty: the tone of her son's rejoinder was respectful but resolute, in declining any further contention on a topic so nice and vexatious. He assured his mother of all his duty and affection—thanked her warmly and sincerely for all her kind cares and uniform and attentive love for him, and even for this last, most painful evidence of it—but in the same breath he firmly declared his determination to surrender his princely bride to no human opposition, save what, he proudly added, was little to be apprehended, her own. He implored his angry auditor only to see and hear her future daughter-in-law, and offered to stake the issue of his engagement on the effect of that single conference. As to sneers and insendoes directed against her selection of a respectable profession, they passed by him like the idle wind, provoking neither beyond a [illegible] to the mandate—how fearfully enforced!—of another and more sacred voice. Each burning line, each frenzied phrase, too faithfully depicted the truth and tenderness of his undying love—his unquenched longing after,

"The wretched paradise of his despair,"—

and the extremity of his suffering, under their sudden and final disunion. By Italia, the fondest and most dutiful of daughters, he knew that the parental prohibition, mollifying and explaining the mystery of his conduct, would be acquiesced in as the ordinance of an holy oracle; and that, however much *fretting* might be anguished at the stern necessity of parting, *pride*—the breath of her nostrils, the very essence of her existence—being thereby spared the keenest pangs, would come effectually to her support. That letter, so fraught with pathos and sincerity, had haply repaired the worst mischief done by Mrs. Melven's interference between them: accident or design diverted it, however, from its destination. Long and pangly did the poor invalid await the receipt of one word of pardon and adieu from his idolized, but alas! too justly incensed *princessa*. Neither she or the venerable prelate, to whose care, in ignorance of his protegee's address, he had consigned the packet for her, deemed any response to his exculpatory epistle. The first thing thought of by the tortured lover, on his recovery to life, was the invaluable work of Italia's hand, ever pendant next to his heart; with a thrill of melancholy delight, he felt for the safety of his treasure—it was no longer there. He demanded it of those about him, at first feebly—then with fierce vehemence; they denied, and with truth, all knowledge of it: the missing miniature was long and vainly sought for. It was gone for ever—the sole memorial of his *bella diana's* love—the living image of her matchless self—the palpable pledge of their linked faith: she passed over his agonized pleadings in cold disdain—and in a state of passive despair he gave himself up to the guidance of his friends and the useless ministrations of his physicians.

Return we to the forlorn victim of all these false prejudices and ungenerous aspersions. The delicate details of the last interview between the affianced pair; and the near approach of that grand epoch in woman's life, had banished all sleep from Italia's soft eye-lids. Long after Theodore left her, she continued musing in the *boudoir*—till the tumult of mixed emotions, that sweetly stirred her mind, gradually subsided into the calm of perfect happiness. Philosophers have contended that extremes touch; and in the present instance their theory was triumphantly verified. As Italia leaned from the window, absorbed in a reverie sweeter than the odors stealing from the half-closed flowers into the star-light dews that bathed them, the joyous refinement of serene sensation sunk abruptly into the latitude of utter hopelessness—a weight as heavy as the hand of despair seemed to press on her heart, and she sickened under the oppressive suffocation of the sudden change. Strange phantoms flitted before her uncertain sight—a boding voice was in her ear—and she experienced all the spectral and undefined horrors, occasioned by a strong visitation of the *lemni nocturnes*. The entrance of her ancient waiting-woman star'd her from this new and ominous trance; and all pale with terror, and beautifully dishevelled, the fair visionary flew into her arms as a refuge from the hideous crew appearing to beset her. The sympathizing Monica gently reproved her wild fancies, and would fain have represented them as the

group—where Inka was gayest of them all—with a female figure, full of years and dignity, leaning on his arm, while he appeared himself to rest for support on a fair young girl, whose deep blue eyes and celestial placidity of countenance might have been apostrophized as the personification of Byron's exquisite "Sonnet to Genevra." One glance was all the wild Italian beast; 'twas he—the base, disloyal one—who had forsworn himself, and adding insult to injury, barbarously trampled on her heart: here was his wife, and she herself was—what? The deadly rage of madness whirled through her brain; one moment armed her hand with the weapon worn about her, so dear to the revengeful purpose of her country and soul; another—and she stood in the fierce beauty of a destroying angel before the amazed lieutenant. The little hand was raised—the blow given, like lightning, through his side; and in the next instant, the bloody steel withdrawn and plunged into her own breast. They were immediately surrounded by a crowd of people, who came running in all directions; Miss Aylett swooned with affright—Mrs. Melven clung in helpless terror to her son, but he had no eyes, no care, no hospital save for his maniac love, still loveliest and most adored in death. Regardless of mother, and cousin, and self—his wound, and the vital stream profusely flowing from it, alike unfelt—Theodore raised the insensible Italia, and bore her into the nearest house, which chanced to be that of a common acquaintance. Here he resigned her to none, suffered no assistance to approach her till the surgeons, hastily summoned, came prepared to execute their office. In a state of suspense, worse than the struggles of mortal agony, he awaited the result of their examinations: the self-hurt inflicted by the fanatic princess was declared to be deep but not dangerous—and her life dependant on the degree of fever which might ensue, and would be greatly accelerated by her premature removal. When all had been done that could contribute to the care and safety of the still unconscious maiden, he operators proceeded to look into the extent of Melven's injury, which had been wholly forgotten by himself; that they pronounced a comparative trifle, as if her hand had failed her in the infliction; and the unhappy lover obeyed, however reluctantly, the calls of duty and propriety, by going away with his agitated companions. Having attended them to their hotel, and somewhat quieted their fears for him, he returned to the house where his hapless idol lay in raging delirium, which, during his absence, had torn the bandage from her wound, and resisted every effort to replace them. It became necessary to confine the desperate hands so dangerously employed, and all night Theodore sat beside her bed listening to the mad ravings that rived his inmost soul. By degrees her wild vehemence died away; and towards morning, exhausted nature gave no other sign of life but an almost imperceptible respiration. With the bright beams of the rising sun, the thoughts of the princely sufferer seemed awakening to a past existence in that distant land, so loved and now to her for ever lost: the melodious murmurs of her soft voice obtested in her own musical tongue the spirits of other climes and days, long gathered to eternity: the childish prayer, the fatal vow that had hung so long and heavy on her conscience, were again repeated by her dying lips; and those eyes—"the beautiful, the black"—once making the atmosphere around them life with light, now dimly raised their last glazy glance in search of some beloved but absent form. All at once, an organ, in the street, below her window, struck up a strain dear and familiar to the departing girl; it was that Sicilian vesper—that strain first all her own—that well-remembered prelude which had ushered in the fond declaration of her fatal love. With eyes half-closed, and those exquisite hands now released from their bonds, and folded on her breast, Italia listened with imperfect recognition to the low, sweet notes. From beneath the "long dark lashes, low depending," large tears—the first shed for months—began, one by one, to flow: he opened her eyes—one last ray of their heavenly expression lightened from them as they fell on her kneeling lover; a smile, glorious as the first dawn of paradise on the disinurned spirit, played over that pale, serene face—and Italia da Verdonaldi was no more!

She was buried at midnight in the Catholic cemetery, without tomb or inscription. None ought or mourned over the spot, save the faithful attendant, who had been with her through life, though not in death. The aged Monica reached Baltimore a few days after the tragic fate of her young mistress; destitute and heartbroken, she joined the Sisterhood of Charity here—and from her I learned the touching story of the ITALIAN BRIDE. E. C. S.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

POLICE.—AN ENRAGED WIDOW.—On Tuesday last, Mrs. Isabella Luttrell, a well dressed elderly woman, was brought before Mr. Wedgwood, of Union hall Alice office, charged with threatening to shoot Mr. Isaac Franklin, a master stone mason. The complainant, in a whining tone of voice, said that he was in fear of Mrs. Luttrell, who had, upon a recent occasion, threatened his life and smashed his windows. Mr. Wedgwood said, that the complainant must be more explicit in his statement, for it would be absurd to suppose that the lady would have acted in the manner described, unless she had grounds for it. The complainant was very unwilling to enter into the particulars, until it was intimated that the warrant should be discharged in the event of his refusal. He then intimated that he had paid his addresses to Mrs. Luttrell for the space of about four years, at the expiration of which time he came to the conclusion not to marry her on these grounds—firstly, that she was old enough to be his mother; secondly, that she had children grown up as old as he was. Mr. Wedgwood—It was a pity that you did not come to the resolution sooner. Four years was a long time to be making up your mind. Mrs. Luttrell here exclaimed—"Your worship, he has wheedled me out of all the money my dear husband, who is now in his grave, peace to his moral remains, left me at his decease. Mr. Franklin has coaxed me, and before I am twelve months older the one shall go before another tribunal, with the blessing of God; and then it will be seen whether he is justified in playing with my feelings on a subject of such a nature." Mr. Wedgwood here desired the complainant to describe the threats by which he considered his life in danger? In reply, he stated, that ever since he had broken off the acquaintance with the widow, she persecuted him in every way the human mind could devise. She haunted him day and night. If he happened to take a walk with a female friend, he was sure to meet Mrs. Luttrell on the way. If he went to the play, Mrs. Luttrell was there; in fact, let him go where he would, there she was certain to be. On the last occasion he saw her at Astley's Theatre, and, as the evening was warm, he carried a quart bottle of lemonade into the house, to refresh himself when he required it. He, however, had not been many minutes seated, when the widow Luttrell pounced upon him, seized the bottle of lemonade, and threatened to smash it about his head. She then left the theatre in a rage, went direct to his house, flung the bottle of lemonade bang through the window of his parlour, and it was within an inch of smashing the large glass over the fire-place. It, however, struck the marble chimney piece, and did great mischief. After this she threatened to shoot him. A policeman proved that the widow conducted herself with great violence, and she was held to bail, the magistrate observing, that she could have her remedy against the complainant in another court.

PULLING A LONG BOW.—In the Palace Court, on Friday week, an action was brought by Mr. Lang against Mr. Ivyleafe. Mr. Chambers opened the case, and was followed by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, who told the Jury that the case was of considerable importance, not only to the parties, but also to the public, for it appeared the defendant considered he could go into a tradesman's shop, take hold of any article shown him, break it to atoms, and then say "I was an accident, and you cannot compel me to pay;" he trusted the Jury would tell the defendant otherwise. The facts of the case were these:—Mr. Lang, the plaintiff, keeps an extensive repository for archery, guns, and other articles, in the Haymarket, and the defendant, Ivyleafe, is a hatter, in Regent-street. In July last the defendant went to the plaintiff's shop with a friend, who purchased some bow strings. When the plaintiff showed the defendant some peculiarly fine yew bow, and described them as very far superior to any to be met with elsewhere—they were prize bows of great value, and would carry from three to four hundred yards—upon which the defendant's friend observed, "There's a bow that would master you." The defendant made no more to do, but taking the bow in his hand, pulled it suddenly and violently as he could, and broke it to atoms. Mr. Lang, the plaintiff, exclaimed, "Good God, Sir! no bow in the world would stand that—there's fourteen guineas gone." The defendant pretended to be very sorry, and said he would do all he could to recommend his friends to Mr. Lang, and that it was an accident, on which the plaintiff said, that would not pay for his bow, and he must be paid for it; but as it was an accident, although it appeared much as if done on purpose, he would take cost price—ten guineas. The Hon. Mr. Finch, a member of the Toxopholite Society of Archers, had offered that sum for it. The defendant, however, would not pay, and the present action became necessary. The plaintiff's shopman and a gentleman, who was in the shop at the time, proved that the bow was pulled most violently, and with "a jirk" by the defendant, as far as he could pull it, and broke it to pieces. A bow maker, who had seen the bow, and tried it, proved its value as being what the plaintiff had stated, fourteen guineas, and that it could not have been broken by fair means. Mr. Greeley, a Barrister, and member of the Toxopholites, proved his having seen the bow before and since, and that it could not have been broken by fair means; he also spoke as to its value. Mr. Earl, for the defendant, exerted all his ingenuity in cross-examining the plaintiff's witnesses, but to no purpose, and only produced one witness; the person who had been to the shop with the defendant—but he could prove nothing, nor could he deny that the bow had been broken by unfair means. Mr. Earl then produced a letter, written by the plaintiff to the defendant after the affair, referring to a gentleman who had seen, tried, and offered money for the bow; and stating, that it was enough for him, (Mr. L.) to lose four guineas by it. The Learned Judge (Erskine) told Mr. Earl the letter only acted against his client, for he considered the offer on the part of Mr. Lang as exceedingly fair, liberal, and reasonable. The Jury immediately found for the plaintiff—Damages Ten Guineas. Mr. Lang brought the same action some weeks back, but was nonsuited, on the ground of some technical informality in the declaration, and had all the costs to pay.

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, July 27.

DEATH OF GEN. S. G. KREPPS.

The Pennsylvania Democrat of the 17th, announces the decease of Gen. SOLOMON G. KREPPS, a member of the State Senate, from the district including Fayette and Green counties. He died at his residence in Bridgeport, Fayette county, on the 14th inst. after an illness of about 24 hours only. He fell a victim, it is stated, to the cholera.

Gen. Krepps was a man particularly fortunate in enjoying the good esteem of his associates. No man could know him without admiring his character, and respecting his many good qualities. He was greatly a favorite with his constituents, and among the members of the late legislature no one was more beloved. Gen. Krepps was a man who possessed a strong and discriminating mind, and though not favored with a classical education, his natural good sense, and his untiring industry in all that was useful, enabled him to be of great service to the people. As a legislator he was zealous in every good measure, and enlightened and liberal in his course; as a politician, he was honest.

Senator Krepps died in the vigour of manhood, and at a time when the eyes of many were upon him, as a suitable individual to fill the office of Governor. His death will be deeply regretted by the whole community.

John Kalefour, an Englishman, but a short time in this country, was arrested on the 16th instant, and examined before Alderman Hodgson, of Kensington, on a charge of assaulting his wife, with intent to kill. The weapon he used was the hinge of a window shutter, with which he fractured his wife's skull, so that no hope is entertained of her recovery. Kalefour was committed to prison.

The Butler (Pa.) Sentinel, states that on the 7th inst. a woman with several small children, arrived from Pittsburgh at a house five miles from Butler, and in the evening was taken quite unwell. The owner of the house thinking the woman to have an attack of the Cholera, removed her into the woods; and left her without medical aid, or assistance of any kind. Her dead body was seen the day following, near the road side, with her child en weeping around it. Such brutal conduct in a civilized country, merits the scorn and detestation of every one who has the least spark of humanity or humane nature in his breast.

The Baltimore Gazette has this severe hit upon Mr. Fuller, whose travels in the United States have just been published in this country:—

"Mr. Fidler's nib—Mrs. Fuller—seems to have been a complete thorn in his side. Much of his work is taken up in keeping a tally of her groans and grumblings. From his own account of her, she seems to have had a remarkable talent for drinking ale—took whiskey in her tea instead of milk—and upon the whole, seems to have been a perfect Fidler's wife. By the way, Mr. Fidler's notes sound much more like those of the solemn lyre than the merry strains of a violin."

NEAR Richmond, Va. on the 12th instant, an infant child of Mr. W. J. Timberlake, lost his life, from the effects of a dose of laudanum, administered to it by a servant nurse. The nurse, it is supposed, was exasperated against Mr. Timberlake, in consequence of a correction she had received from him a day or two before, and took this means of revenging herself. She has been arrested, and will be tried for the murder.

DARING ROBBERY.—The watchmaker and jewellery store of Peter Fields, was entered by means of false keys, last Sunday afternoon, and robbed of about 200 gold and silver watches, and a large quantity of jewellery—in all, at from $1,600 to $5,000. Mr. Fields never leaves his store without some person being left in it, night or day, except a few hours during church time, Sunday afternoons.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

The celebration of the late anniversary of American Independence, at Bolsburg, Pa. was participated in by a number of ladies, whose presence seems to have added much to the gratification of the company. The following are among the toasts, offered on the occasion:

BY MISS MARIA CULBERTSON.—Our harvests! we will eat our bread more sweetly, as it is gathered by the sweat of the brow without the use of ardent spirits.

BY MISS NANCY C. THOMPSON.—Our country; among the nations of the Earth, may she ever be so deservedly distinguished for piety and virtue, as she already is for freedom.

BY MISS MARTHA EYERHART.—Bravery, generosity and magnanimity, the noblest attributes of man.

BY MISS MARGARET SANKEY.—The daughters of America;

Contented and free, may they ever be,
And strangers to sorrow and strife,
May piety cheer their pilgrimage here,
Till death stops the fountain of life.

A singular and fatal disease is prevailing at this time among the horses in this vicinity. They are seized, without previously exhibiting any illness, and immediately lose the use of their limbs. The proprietor of an extensive livery stable in this city, has lost six within a few days. He does not entertain the opinion that they are diseased. Messrs. Parker & Co. have lost nine horses the last week with the same symptoms.—*Union Sentinel.*

DEAF AND DUMB.—The third circular of the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Paris, states the following facts:—

"France, with its 32,000,000 of inhabitants, contains 20,189 deaf and dumb; that is to say, 1 in every 1,585 of the population.—In Russia, the returns give 1 in 1,519—the United States of America, 1 in 556—for all Europe, the proportion is as high as 1 in 1,327.—With regard to the education of the deaf and dumb, it appears that on an average, throughout the whole of the civilized world, not above 1 in 24 have the means of instruction; in France, however, the proportion educated is 1 in every 4."

An unfortunate and fatal accident occurred on Thursday week last, near Watertown, N. Y. The mail stage from Syracuse, when about seven miles distant from Watertown, got off the road, and overturned, killing the driver, a Mr. Nash, almost immediately. There were no passengers in the stage except a boy,—says the Register—who escaped unhurt. The boy says that on getting clear from the stage he found the driver on the ground, with some part of the body of the coach resting on his head; he attempted, but could not give any relief. The driver spoke once to the boy, requesting him to go for assistance, and said he was dying. On the boy's return with help, the unfortunate young man was dead. The deceased was a careful, experienced and sober driver, attentive to his duty, and the interest of his employers.

The steamboat Reindeer, Captain Cochran, arrived at Little Rock from New Orleans, about the last of June, with every soul on board sick with the cholera. Between the mouth of White River and Little Rock, six of the passengers died with cholera, and were thrown overboard. The boat was worked to her place of destination with great difficulty.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. P. Hannaford, Jr. Mrs. Hannaford, Mr. Hobbs, and another young gentleman, were killed by lightning in Mr. H.'s house at New Hampton, near Concord, New Hampshire. Mr. Hobbs was writing at a table, where he sat unmoved and apparently uninjured after the shock. The survivors, perceiving he did not offer any assistance, examined him more attentively, and found he was dead. A child in Mr. H.'s arms escaped uninjured. Four others were knocked down by the shock.

The Circleville (Ohio) Herald gives the particulars of a serious accident which befel the Ohio Canal, on the 7th inst. It was the falling of eighty feet of the superstructure of the Scioto Aqueduct. Timbers, arches, every thing gave way, and fell with a loud crash into the river below—twenty-five feet. A canal boat was passing when the cracking of timber commenced, but it succeeded in crossing before the work gave way. The work of rebuilding was at once vigorously commenced.

A woman, who had been discharged about six months ago from a boarding house in Broadway, N. Y., where she had lived as service, has since been in the daily habit of continuing her custom to the butcher, in her former employer's name. It was, however, discovered on Thursday, when the epicurean thief was arrested by Mr. Tompkins, police officer, who ascertained that she chantably vended out pieces of the best beef, procured from the butcher, at any price to the poor of the neighbourhood. Her benevolence, however, could not save her from Bridewell, where she now remains to answer to the charge at the ensuing sessions.

A most curious controversy is going on between a Mr. Watkins, (son of Tobias Watkins,) and Mr. Coxe, one of the counsel of his father. It appears that upon the arrest of Mr. Watkins, senior, Coxe expressed to the son doubts respecting the result of the trial, and suggested the propriety of securing what property he could for the future support of the family, in case the charge should be sustained. Accordingly a note was drawn by Mr. Coxe which being duly executed, property amounting in value to about two thousand dollars, besides a half pipe and six demijohns of Madeira wine, were sent to auction, the whole of which were sold for about seven hundred dollars; the whole of the wine, and a principal part of the other property, consisting of furniture, which was obtained by Mr. Coxe; but no part of the property or of the proceeds of the sale was ever returned to the family. Mr. Watkins, the son, indignant at the conduct of Coxe, challenged him; Coxe put the challenge in his pocket, and proceeded to court, where he lodged a complaint against young Watkins, and had him arrested for having sent a challenge, with a view, as is said, of drawing from in the shape of a fine, a portion of the earnings which were the only means left to the family for their support.—*Boston Statesman.*

Epitome of the Times.

A gentleman lost a pocket-book on Saturday last, in the Second street Market. It contained, among other papers, bank notes amounting to about $145. It would be well if the finder would return it to the owner, at No. 81, Union street. A reward of $30 is offered—but the papers, besides the money, are valuable to the owner.

Alderman Bodine, of Kensington, on Thursday last, bound over an individual for an alleged attempt to pass counterfeit coin, purporting to be Spanish dollars.

A young woman, named Susan Van Horn, residing at a dance house, in Front street, near Noble, called the Calf Cord, committed suicide on Sunday morning, by taking laudanum. The rash act was occasioned by the marriage of a young man, a beau of hers, to another.

The City Council of Camden, (N. J.) have passed an ordinance, authorizing any person to kill the dogs which may be found running at large, in the public highways, and allowing a reward of seventy-five cents for killing and burying each one.

The Kembles have made an engagement to perform at Montreal and Quebec. Mr. Kemble and daughter arrived at Montreal on Friday week, and were to have made their first appearance there on Monday.

General Mercer said, the greatest General upon earth is *General Utility;* and his two most powerful aids, *General Knowledge* and *General Suffrage.*

Constant Guillou, Esq. has been appointed by the Governor of this state, sworn Interpreter of Foreign Languages.

The Legislature of Georgia have passed a law, forbidding the employment of any slave or free person of colour, as a compositor, (type-setter) in any printing office in that state, under a penalty of $10 for every day during any part of which the said black should be thus unlawfully employed.

On Friday last, an Englishman, who was employed at the Lykens Valley Coal Mines, near Harrisburg, Pa., was killed by the falling of a bank there. This would to be the first accident which has occurred at these mines.

☞ The following toast was sent by Black Hawk to be drunk at the Celebration of the 4th of July, at Sandusky:—"White Woman—Pretty squaw—good big skeeter, put papoose in—short blankee—run fast."

A neighbour informs us that the following is a certain and immediate cure for the sting of a wasp or bee. Cut an onion open and apply it to the spot, and it will draw out the poison in a short time.

The present population of Arkansas is upwards of 90,000. This territory, and also Michigan, will soon be added to the "glorious constellation of the states."

There are no less than 76 periodicals published in Boston.

The business of manufacturing books, is growing in this country, to a magnitude of which many persons are little aware. One type founding establishment in this city, Conner & Cook's, has now on hand, stereotype plates for twelve different editions of the Bible, and seventeen of the Testament, besides various other works.—*N. Y. Standard.*

On last Thursday week two men were drowned opposite Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa. They were engaged in hoisting stone, when the flat capsized and sank. Their bodies have been recovered.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—A Pond in the vicinity of Providence, whose water has heretofore been unusually pure and limpid, has, within a few days past, assumed a thick milky appearance. The change remains unaccounted for.

The wife of Mr Noah Lincoln, of Boston, committed suicide on Thursday morning last. A coroner's jury was summoned and rendered a verdict, that she came to her death by hanging herself in a fit of mental derangement.

The Charleston, S. C. papers deny the assertion that Col. Drayton has been induced to leave the State by political persecution.

Great commotions are expected in the West Indies on the receipt of the proceedings of the House of Commons. An insurrection of the blacks would create havoc.

The inhabitants of Charlestown talk of petitioning Congress for damages done their town by the English, during the old war.

The price of equal quantities of books, periodicals and newspapers, has been reduced, on an average, nearly one half, within six years.

In the English House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor is seated on a wool sack, that the importance of the woollen manufacture, the great staple of that country, may be indelibly impressed on the public mind.

A disgraceful riot took place in York, (U. C.) on the 12th inst., between the Irish Catholics and Orangists. The *Correspondent* says the women took a fierce part in the fray.

General John Coffee died on the 7th instant, near Florence, Alabama.

The standard weight for merchantable wheat this season, has been fixed by the city millers of Richmond, Virginia, at 58lbs. the bushel. Last season it was 60, and half the crop weighed 61.

A Dutchman, the other day, bid an extraordinary [illegible] he [illegible] early; he [illegible] do but as bell de string, and he could wake himself.

The journeymen Hatters of Baltimore, complain in the papers of that city, of an attempt upon the part of the master-workmen to reduce their wages twenty-five per cent, without just cause.

The citizens of Albany are about to place in the rotunda of their new City Hall, a table, six feet square, inscribed to the memory of the great poet and novelist, Walter Scott.

The establishment known as the Brandywine Chalybeate Springs, is to be sold by the Sheriff of New Castle county, Del. on the 15th proximo.

Mr. William Mann, landlord of the Union House, in New Brunswick, (N. J.) has come to the determination hereafter to vend no ardent spirits at his bar.

A manual labour institution for Education is about to be opened in Dayton, Ohio, under the direction of Mr. Milo G. Williams, who for many years has officiated as an able and successful teacher in Cincinnati.

R. P. Catlett, Esq. editor of the Mississippian, died at his residence in Clinton, (Me.) on the 20th ult.

The public funds of Virginia, deposited in the Bank of Virginia and the Tanners Bank, amount to near $362,000.

JAMAICA.—Great excitement has prevailed in the island of Jamaica, in consequence of two duels. Mr. Beaumont, a member of the assembly, and an opposer of the violent acts of the friends of slavery, received two challenges, one from Mr. Stamp, whom he shot at the first fire, the second from Maj. Gen. Roberson, whose fire he received, but declined returning.

It is rumored that Mr. Charles Kemble, in consequence of the warm and liberal reception accorded to him and his daughter, by the Americans, contemplates taking up his residence permanently in the city of New York.

CANAL TOLLS.—The tolls collected on all the canals in the state, for the month of June, amount to the sum of $171,146.80.—*Albany Argus.*

The Governor of South Carolina has issued his Proclamation, offering a reward of $100 for the apprehension of William Hampton, of Bedford district, in consequence of a bill having been found against him by the Grand Jury, for the murder of his slave.

It appears from the Boston papers, that a clue has been obtained to the robbery of the money belonging to the Pascanaqua Bank, and that the parties interested are sanguine in the belief that the money will be recovered, and the rogues detected. It is supposed that as many as three persons were concerned in the transaction.

A labourer on the canal, near Selinsgrove, (Pa.) on Wednesday last, in a moment of passion, struck a young lad across the head with the edge of a spade, with such violence as completely to sever the skull. His recovery is not expected. The offender has been committed to jail.

The Maine Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in Bath, about a week since. One hundred and twenty ministers were in attendance. Bishop Hedding presided. Eight candidates for the ministry were received on trial, seven were ordained deacons, and seven elders.

A man was shockingly burnt, on Saturday last, by the explosion of several pounds of powder, in a shift at Fulton slip, New York. The explosion was caused by a spark from the chimney of a steam boat. Similar accidents are not uncommon in New York.

It is said that Talleyrand from the accession of Joseph Bonaparte to the throne of France in less than twelve months!

The total exports of cotton from Mobile, the present season, are 128,333 bales.

STEAMENGINE LAW.—The Philadelphia Gazette relates that on a sign board in *William street*, is to be seen the following: "ONLIQUE PEPO—*mar-ocan*:" while opposite hangs this *opposition sign*, "ONLIQUE PEPO—*much more so!*"—*Bos. Trans.*

PRIVATEERING.—Mr. Finn, being at a tea table where one lady made the following remark to another, "I have something for your *private ear,*" immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that for there is a law against *privateering.*

The barn of Mr. Philip Kline, near Reading, (Pa.) was struck by lightning on Saturday last, and entirely consumed with its contents, a large stock of hay, grain, &c. This is the third barn destroyed in the same manner, in the same neighbourhood, within a week. Neither of them were protected by lightning rods.

The libel suit before the municipal court of Boston, brought by S. D. Green, editor of the Christian Herald, against Messrs. Moore and Sevey, publishers of the Masonic Mirror, was brought to a close late on Saturday night. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

The Blairsville Record, of Wednesday last, mentions that a German woman, named Hale, residing in that neighbourhood, committ suicide, a few days previous, by hanging herself to the post of a porch, before her own door. She was subject to fits of insanity. She has left a husband and several children.

"I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. ——, to her friend Mrs. ——, "I wish I had some of your fat and you had some of my lean?" "I tell you," replied the fair wit, "what is the father to that wish. You think too much of me—too little of yourself."

The Superior Court of New York, on Monday last, returned a verdict of 175 dollars in favour of a boy, who, in January last, was knocked down and injured by a Greenwich Omnibus, owned by Asa Hall. The damages were awarded on the ground that the velocity of the omnibus was greater than the law allows of.

Mrs. Brown, widow, of Bedford, Pa. fell from a bridge on Monday night last, in attempting to swim its horse across the Nanticoke river.

The residence of Captain J. Chapman, in New Haven, was wantonly assaulted on the night of the 16th instant, by a furious mob, after the family had retired. Mr. Chapman and one or two of his children were much injured by the stones thrown into the windows.

In the Municipal Court of New York, on Friday week, Susannah Graham, was indicted for stealing a prayer book, from the Barclay street church, which she sold for fifty cents. Evidence was elicited showing that Mrs. Graham was an old offender in this line, and she was sentenced to six months imprisonment.

The corner stone of a meeting house—designed for the use of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; was laid in Bridgeton, N. J. on Thursday last. A discourse appropriate to the occasion, was pronounced by the Rev. Bartholomew Weed.

The penal code of Alabama is rigorous and sanguinary to a degree unparalleled in the Union. A man is under sentence of death in that state, for having passed a counterfeit Mexican dollar.

The Providence (R. I.) City Gazette says that a "*Colossal Statue*" of the Rev. Ephraim K. Avery, of cast iron, mounted on a granite pedestal, is to be erected at Fall River, near the scene of the murder of Miss Cornell, in the course of a few weeks!

A colored man was apprehended in Trenton on Thursday week, by two men from Delaware, who claimed him as a runaway slave. An examination of evidence was entered into before Justice Drake, but the presumption of innocence being upon the part of the prisoner, he was liberated. The poor man was "among the missing" in a very short time.

Some time since, a young man, in one of the towns near Providence, R. I., saw a suspended effigy of the Rev. E. K. Avery, and being under the influence of a melancholy delirium, went home, and in about two hours afterwards was found dead, having hanged himself. He had previously observed to his family, that the effigy was intended, not for Avery, but himself.

The Cholera has somewhat abated in the West, but its ravages are yet startling. In Kentucky, Louisiana, Indiana, and Missouri it lingers.

Subscriptions to the amount of one million of dollars have been made to the Stock of the New York and Erie Railroad. The whole amount of capital is to be $40,000,000.

The late fire at Ithaca, N. Y. has been very destructive. One entire square, comprising thirty buildings, have been burned down.

The Charleston Mercury states, that nearly all the country between Charleston and Pariabury, is under water, and every bridge swept away.

Poulson's Advertiser mentions a pump, invented by Com. Barron, which delivers a barrel of water at every stroke. It is formed of four planks, with a square box inside, and in other respects, we should judge, must be on the same principle of the common pump.

STEAM BOATS ON THE OHIO.—The Louisville Focus of the 20th ult. mentions that there were then lying at the wharves of that city, no less than thirty-five steam boats, of an aggregate tonnage of at least 8000 tons, and that the business of the place had rarely been briskee.

A letter from Princeton, N. J. says the body of a man had been recently discovered in the woods, in two parts. One part was under a heap of rails, and the other in a box. On one foot was a silk stocking with clocks.

FERTILITY OF THE WEST.—The population of Springfield, Ill., is said to be about 15,000, and they will raise, during the present season, nine hundred thousand bushels of wheat.

Albanus Bitting, aged ten years, son of Walter Bitting, residing near Doylestown, (Pa.) was drowned on Sunday last, while bathing in the Neshaminy.

A rail-road carriage left Schenectady, New York, on Saturday evening last, about eight o'clock, for Saratoga, at which end of the route the man who has charge of the horses started a train under the idea that no more passengers were to pass until next morning. Both trains met on an intervening bridge, when (neither having lights) they came into such sudden contact that one of the drivers was thrown from his seat, and one of the horses seriously maimed. Happily no other accident occurred. No night vehicle should run without lights.

SUPERIOR COURT.

BEFORE CHIEF JUSTICE JONES.

Francis Guerin, vs. William A. Strozzi.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover damages of the defendant for a criminal conversation with his wife. The damages were laid at $15,000.

From the evidence it appeared that the plaintiff was a confectioner, residing opposite the City Hotel, Broadway—that he had been married to his present wife about eight or nine years—that he was an industrious man, and had in the course of some years accumulated some property;—and that he lived very happily with his wife, before the defendant had alienated her affections. The defendant is a Linguist, and has taught at the Washington Institute. He was very frequently at the store to buy, or using the privilege of paying confectionaries. He there frequently saw Mrs. Guerin, commenced writing her a series of letters, and continually pestered her with his attentions. For a long time Mrs. Guerin repelled his addresses, and avoided him whenever it was possible. At that time, whenever the defendant entered the store, she would immediately go into the back room, or up stairs. In the course of time, from some unknown cause, her feelings underwent a sudden change, and she, who had formerly detested the defendant, now required his presence with even more than his own ardour. Shortly after she went so far as to walk with him in Broadway. The defendant, having thus insinuated himself into the good graces of Mrs. Guerin, commenced levying contributions on the plaintiff, through the medium of his wife; and such was the strength of her attachment, that she did not scruple to supply him with money, segars, and other articles from the store. But it appeared that however generously Mrs. Guerin parted with her husband's goods, her generosity did not satisfy the avarice of the defendant, who was continually desiring her to send him other articles; and on one occasion actually beat her for not bringing him enough money. After their intercourse had been carried on for some time, Strozzi persuaded her to enter into a contract to marry him within a year after her husband's death, in case she should survive him; and for its performance she bound herself in the penalty of $1000. After Strozzi had obtained this contract, he seemed to consider her as his own wife, addressing her as "Mrs. Strozzi," and assuming an authoritative mode of expression in the orders which he was in the habit of sending for her performance. When at last, the plaintiff strongly suspected the connection, Mrs. Guerin, stung with remorse, attempted to destroy herself by taking laudanum; but a physician was called in and her life preserved. When the connection was discovered by the plaintiff, and after the defendant was arrested and imprisoned, Mr. Guerin was suddenly taken ill, complaining of sharp and shooting pains which racked his body, and supposed himself poisoned; but happily recovered under the prescriptions of Drs. Berger and Mason, who were called in to attend him.

A large number of letters from the defendant Strozzi to Mrs. Guerin, and from Mrs. Guerin to him, were produced on the trial, amounting to between one and two hundred. They are probably the most curious specimens of love letters ever produced in a court of law. Some of the defendant's letters, particularly those which he first sent, are written with delicacy; but as the intimacy of the parties progressed, *they* assumed a different shade, and many of them are too indecent to bear publication.

The counsel for the plaintiff called the following witnesses:

Dr. Brientnall testified to the plaintiff's marriage with his present wife. She was about 15 years old at that time.

John H. Michels, an intelligent looking lad, aged about 14 years. This witness sold the paper on which Mrs. Guerin had written to the defendant; never saw any improper conduct in Mrs. Guerin; knew Guerin very well, and lived next door to him.

Mrs. Briggs—The defendant boarded some time at the house of the witness, and ran off without paying his bill. After he had gone, she discovered the papers and letter produced in evidence, which she gave to the plaintiff's counsel, when she learned that this action was commenced; among them was Mrs. Guerin's contract to marry Strozzi after her husband's death.—There was another contract of Mrs. Guerin in a larger penalty than this—a penalty, she believes, of two or three thousand dollars.

Francis Guerin—is acquainted with Mrs. Guerin's hand writing; the letters produced in court, purporting to be Mrs. Guerin's, and shown to the witness, are in her hand writing. The witness is a son of the plaintiff by a former wife. He suspected the intercourse between Strozzi and his step-mother, from what had been told him by his little brother, who is about nine years old, and who used to carry letters, money, and other things to Strozzi. Two weeks before Strozzi was arrested Mrs. Guerin attempted to destroy herself by taking laudanum, and after he was arrested, his father was taken ill very suddenly at tea, and supposed himself poisoned. Soon afterwards she left her husband's house. His father was not subject to sudden fits of illness. Drs. Berger and Mason were called in to attend him.

Lazier Gilbert—was in jail at the time Strozzi was brought there. A woman came there frequently to see him—sometimes early in the morning. Strozzi told the lady she knew why he was there. She told him she would give him some money the next morning; did not see her give him any; she said she was going to Baltimore, and would write him a letter soon. When she came the next morning, Strozzi told her he wanted to speak with her in private, and she then retired into one of the rooms, where witness supposed she gave him money; there was no other person in the room into which they retired; did not know what took place between them there.

Virginia Lasseure. (Charles Del Vecchio sworn as interpreter.) Mrs. Guerin requested the witness to tell Strozzi not to write to her any more. She told her she was tired of him. Strozzi told her that he suspected she was tired of him; but declared that if she refused to see him, he would go and take a dagger and kill her and her husband. This was about the latter end of December last. Witness has been acquainted with Mrs. Guerin about two years. Mrs. Guerin, her father and brother, boarded five days at her house in Philadelphia. Madame Lasseure now keeps a boarding house in Fulton street.

Charles Del Vecchio testified to Strozzi's and Mrs. Guerin's hand writing. Defendant's property is small. Strozzi called on him some time ago, and showed him a letter of recommendation, purporting to be written by the President of Columbia College, to the President of a College in Canada. He said he was in a destitute condition, without money or friends, in a strange place. Witness raised the sum of $30 by subscription, and gave it to Strozzi. Strozzi spent it in dissipation, and called again on the witness, who then, to use his own expression, "*disbanded him.*" Guerin is a fine man, and has accumulated a handsome property; he lived very happy with his wife before the defendant knew and seduced her.

Here a letter of the defendant's was read, full of protestations of love, and betokening a raging jealousy of a certain Italian, who boarded near Guerin's, and often went into his store. He cautions Mrs. Guerin to keep the secret of their connection, and to be careful of the Italian. In another letter, read by the plaintiff's counsel, the defendant advises Mrs. Guerin to go to Baltimore, on account of her situation by reason of their intercourse, assuring her that nothing could be more gratifying than to find himself a parent in consequence of the same, and that she could not live happy with two men.

The counsel for the plaintiff also produced Mrs. Guerin's contract in the penalty of $1000, to marry Strozzi within twelve months after her husband's death, in case she should survive him, and a letter to Strozzi, complaining of his beating her for not bringing him enough money. She tells him the reason why she had not brought him enough was because she was watched by her step-son. Letters were also read from Strozzi complaining of her not bringing him enough money.

The plaintiff here rested; and no evidence being introduced on the part of the defendant, the plaintiff's counsel summed up the cause.

The Judge charged the jury that, after calm reflection upon the overwhelming mass of testimony adduced before them, there could be no doubt of the defendant's guilt. It was a case which addressed itself to their feelings. That the defendant possessed no property was no reason why they should not give exemplary damages in a case like the present. It would be hard, indeed, if, because a man possessed no property, he should be suffered to prowl about society, destroying the peace and happiness of families.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff $10,000 with costs.

R. Bogardus, Esq. counsel for the plaintiff; W. D. Waterman and J. C. Whiting, Esqrs. for the defendant.—*N. Y. Comr. & Enquirer.*

ONE MAIL BAG LOST.

The Rahway Advocate says there is *one* Mail Bag lost. We feel disposed to congratulate him if he has cause to complain of the loss of only *one.* In Princeton we consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate if we receive a regular *daily* mail from New York the day it is sent, *once in two weeks,* instead of twelve regular ones which should come.

Since Gen. Barry's FAST Mail system has gone into operation, we have *two Daily Mails* passing every day, (except Sunday) and yet our N. York papers must go to Philadelphia before we can get them.

While on this interesting subject, we must congratulate our Philadelphia publishers on the *safe* arrival of daily and other papers of Saturday last, on the Trenton following, *all fresh* and in tolerable condition. We have not been able to learn whether they came by the way of "Baltimore," "Long Branch," or "Long-acoming." Some suppose they may have been to Boston in one the Sea Serpent.

We saw a person a few days since who counted ten Mail Bags carelessly deposited on the Camden and Amboy Rail Road. How many weeks they will remain there we know not. But it is no less strange than true, that we only receive our daily morning papers from Philadelphia, one day in the week on the morning they are published, although the Publishers say they are put in the Philadelphia Post Office, *regularly* every morning, before 3 o'clock, A. M. and the mail does not close till after 5 A. M. Something is wrong—we hope for a change for the better.—*Princeton American Whig.*

WAYS AND MEANS.—In the New Hampshire Legislature, while the Bill repealing the act allowing premiums on crows, foxes, bears, wild cats, &c., was under discussion, Mr. Sawyer, of Swanzey, said, that the premium was a bounty on idleness, and an encouragement to fraud. Crow's eggs are hatched under hens, and the premium claimed on the brood. The young of the Fox have been taken from the dam, and presented for the bounty.

In some places boys and men are induced to devote the Sabbath to killing crows! and crows and foxes are frequently brought from the neighboring States, and killed for receiving the bounty! Some towns had presented claims to the amount of nearly $200 for premiums—and

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 27, 1833.

By publishing the statement furnished by our correspondent at Morgantown, we should expose ourselves to a prosecution for libel. Impositions, of the character therein named, should be exposed over the signatures of responsible names. When unacquainted members with the facts detailed, involving the character of individuals, it cannot be expected of us to give them publicity without a proper guarantee.

In the general discomfort produced by the excessive heat of the present week, we should not lose sight of those which remain to us of mitigating its severity. The Baths, at Mr. Swaim's establishment, in Second street, afford a sure relief, and at the same time give the system a cheerful and healthful tone, as necessary as it is desirable at such a season. The warm baths are peculiarly grateful; without having any of the effect than that of invigorating and renewing the pores, they constitute, perhaps, the greatest luxury possible to be enjoyed in any kind of bathing. Those who know the merits of this establishment, will not require us to do more than to recall their attention to it; while it may not be amiss for us to inform strangers, that the politeness and gentlemanly assiduity of Worship, the superintendant, is such as immediately to make them all at home.

Mr. Wood's wheelwright shop, on the Frankford road, near Queen street, was entirely destroyed by fire, on Tuesday morning last. Three or four frame dwelling houses were also consumed. Mr. Wood's loss is considerable, his premises having contained much valuable stock, lumber, &c. The fire is attributed to an incendiary.

On Saturday morning last, the notorious John Clarvis, the murderer of Mrs. Hamilton, made his escape from the jail, at Mount Holly. He had, previously, as our readers know, made an attempt to get away; but was discovered, and confined in a dungeon. At the suggestion of a few benevolent individuals, he was placed in a larger cell, in the third story, looking into the yard. Here, with a steel pen, which he had procured for the ostensible purpose of writing a confession, and which he formed into a file, he sawed off the chain which held his right leg; and then with a cloth that was allowed him by the keeper, he burnt away the wooden sill or bottom frame of the grate, which enabled him to create a space about ten inches in length by six in width, and through this he made his egress. This desperate attempt was effected by stripping himself entirely naked, and rubbing his body with soaped water—taking the precaution in the meantime, of leaving his clothes so near at hand that he could draw them through the grate after him. He descended into the yard by jumping upon a shed, and from thence to the ground. When at large in the yard, he procured some boards, on which he ascended to the top of the wall, a height of about twenty or twenty-five feet, and let himself down from it, into the town, by means of his blanket, which he had torn up into strips, and tied together for the purpose.

He made his way through two corn-fields near the jail, and across other fields towards the Rancocus woods, near which, in a cluster of bushes, he remained the whole day. The bell rang, and about five hundred individuals started in pursuit of him. Rewards were offered for his apprehension by the sheriff, and a means left untried to find his place of concealment. The way in which he was found, as it was told to us by a friend who had visited the prisoner since his return, is as follows:—Two young men, named Holbrook and Milvine, were lying in wait for him, late Sunday evening, under some bushes, near which they suspected that Clough would most probably pass in his way towards the river, about three miles from the town of Holly. About 11 o'clock, they observed a person passing near them, at a rapid, but firm and steady pace. They accosted him, by asking, who is there? answer was made. They repeated the question—there was still no reply. They then advanced towards him, when Clough started up and said, "Gentlemen, what do you want?" One of them immediately seized him firmly by the wrist, and asked him, "Is your name Pile?" To which he replied in the affirmative. "Where are you going?" "To Philadelphia." To the reply. They held him fast, and asked what business he had there; to which he answered, that he did not know what business they had to stop a man when going on his way peaceably. A candle having been brought by one of the men from a small house not far from them, Clough was recognised. When he found this to be the case, he appealed to them, and begged them for God's sake to let him go. "You know, gentlemen," said he, "that I have worked hard for my living; do, for heaven's sake, let me go!" They replied, that he must accompany them back to prison. He made no resistance, and was committed again about one o'clock in the morning.

Clough has stated since his recapture, that it was his intention to make his way to the river Delaware, and swim it, if no other means offered, by swimming. He seemed completely prostrate, and cast down; yielded himself up to the idea of death, which he did not expect to escape—and desired that he might have the consolation of a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

Clough's execution was appointed for yesterday, between the hours of ten and three o'clock. Some doubts, however, have been entertained of the fulfilment of the sentence. We learn, that on Thursday the Council of New Jersey were in session, on the subject of allowing the prisoner a respite, which, it was believed by many, would be granted.

Should the execution have taken place, the particulars of the solemn and monitory spectacle will be given in our next paper. Great excitement has been manifested on the occasion, in the neighbourhood of Burlington, where the horrid deed was perpetrated and indeed in all that section of New Jersey, as well as in this city. The numbers that have crowded the steamboats for Burlington and Bristol, for two or three days past, have been astonishing. It is probable that the occasion drew together a larger concourse of people than has been witnessed in this quarter of our country since the execution of Smith, the well remembered murderer of Carson.

The number of persons who departed from this city yesterday morning in the steam boats for Burlington, to witness the execution of Clough, is estimated at from twelve to fourteen hundred. We learn from Mount Holly, that the assemblage in that town, at an early hour on Friday, was immense. Thousands of spectators had already gathered together, and multitudes of people from all quarters were then thronging in. Tents had been erected for a distance of nearly two miles, between the village and the spot on which the gallows was erected. As his closing hour drew nigh, Clough seemed very much weakened and agitated. His fears were poignant and almost overpowering. He was attended, on Thursday evening, by clergymen; and the party continued to a late hour, engaged in religious exercises.

On the 4th inst. the corner stone of the Lafayette Manual Labour College, was laid at Easton, pursuant to previous arrangements. A procession of citizens, headed by Col. Porter, chief marshal, proceeded from the court house to the location of the college, where an prayer by the Rev. Mr. Beasly, the stone was laid by the President of the Board of Trustees. Addresses were then delivered by Col. Porter and the Rev. B. C. Wolf, after which the procession again formed and proceeded to the German Reformed Church, in an oration was delivered by Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq. of this city, in pursuance of the appointment of the Franklin and Washington Literary Societies of Lafayette College. The oration is spoken of in exalted terms, by the Easton editors.

Before a late session of the Supreme Court, at Belfast, Maine, one George W. Warren was tried for bigamy. It appeared in evidence, that the prisoner, in 1820, married a girl of Belfast, named Fanny Parker; also that in 1831, while Fanny was still living, he united himself to a lady of Lincolnville. Warren, in his defence, alleged that before marrying his last wife, he had formerly dissolved partnership with his first, and he presented to the court a separation paper, drawn up and witnessed by a magistrate. Proceedings of this kind, being contrary to the laws of the State, the "mutual agreement" availed nothing, and the man with two wives was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

The death of Dr. Paschalis, of New York, is greatly lamented in the papers of that city. He was a distinguished physician and savant, and was held in the highest respect by a large class of his fellow citizens.

A most desperate deed of blood was perpetrated by several confederated ruffians, on Thursday evening week, near Bustleton, a small town distant only a few miles from this city. As Mr. Thomas S. Hart, a respectable and worthy inhabitant of Bustleton, was proceeding in a sulkey from Easton to his house, he was attacked, late in the evening, by three ruffians. He was first struck on the head with a heavy bludgeon or club, and felled to the ground, where, after the most violent usage, he was left for dead. He was found in the morning of Friday, lying by the side of the road, dreadfully wounded, at a few yards distance from his horse and sulkey, which were left standing in the road. He was taken to a house not far off, in a state of great danger, but remained alive on Thursday last, though apprehensions were entertained that the wounds in his head might produce mortification.

Great excitement was caused in the neighbourhood, on account of the diabolical transaction; and as soon as Mr. Hart was enabled to speak, he furnished information which led to the arrest of three persons, a man named Manson, and his son, and another confederate named Stratford. They have been committed to the Arch street prison, in this city, where they now await their trial.

It appears that the cause of the outrage on Mr. Hart, was a malicious envy of his success in purchasing an interest in the Meteoron line of stages, in applying for which the gentlemen themselves had been disappointed. Could Mr. Hart have been in any way apprised of their design, he might easily have resisted them, being an individual of great physical power; but they stunned him first by a violent blow on the head, and then one of them began to stab him, while the other cowardly wretches were bearing him with a heavy weapon. It is probable that the neckcloth of Mr. Hart, saved his throat from being entirely cut open; even with that defence, his neck exhibits several severe gashes. Mr. H. can only recollect awakening from his swoon in the middle of the road, and moving himself a few feet to its side; after which he was again insensible, until he found himself among hospitable friends, in the house to which he had been conveyed.

Extract of a letter to the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, dated Lexington, Ky., July 12, 1833.

* * * "I have lately seen a letter from this place published in the National Gazette, purporting to give an account of the progress of the Cholera in Lexington, which, as it contains some inaccuracies, I will endeavour to correct. I was in Lexington during the prevalence of that terrific pestilence, and I have witnessed such scenes of horror and distress, as I hope none will ever see again. Our population was about 6,500; of this number, probably in less than a week after the commencement of Cholera, not more than one half remained in the town; and out of that small number left, (2,000) about 450 have been ushered into the presence of their God! I have seen the streets literally deserted, except by funerals, and messengers hastening for physicians! I have seen the stores and shops entirely closed, and nothing bought nor sold from them, but medicines for the sick, and shrouds for the dead. I have seen four coffins containing the dead, piled up in one cart, with frequently not more than two attendants, on their way to the place of interment. On one day fifty-seven souls were ushered into eternity! Coffins could not be procured, and rough boxes, and I have seen trunks, used in their stead. I have seen husband and wife carried to one common grave. I have known of husband, wife, and children being taken away within a few hours of each other. Funeral has met funeral in the streets. Upwards of twenty dead bodies have been waiting at one time, at one grave, for interment. Some have remained all night in the grave yard unburied, there not being help sufficient to dig their graves, the healthy being engaged with the sick and dying. During the three or four days, when the raging of the pestilence was the most awful, no one, no matter what the character or standing of the dead may have been; no matter how beloved in life, or how regretted in death, would be followed by more than two or three persons, to see the last solemn rite of sepulture performed. The service over the grave was dispensed with, the ministers of God being engaged in preparing the dying for their last solemn change. All ranks, and characters, and ages, have fallen. The disease has been no respecter of persons. The drunkard, staggering through the streets, has escaped, and the man of entire abstinence has fallen by his side; and, on the other hand, the temperate and sober have escaped, and the drunkard has been overtaken in his cups. The old man, whose hairs have been whitened by the frosts of eighty winters, and whose tottering steps could scarce support their burden of years, has escaped, and the young, and hardy, and strong, have bowed beneath the stroke of the destroyer.—The young have escaped, and the arrow has sped beyond them, and struck him whom old age would have taken in a few months.—Master and servant have sickened and died. The christian, whose reliance was placed upon his Maker, has been taken, and the careless and unconcerned have been left; and the scoffer has been suddenly cut off, and the humble supplicant been left. The infant has been snatched from its mother's breast, and the mother from her child; father from son, and son from father; wife from her husband, and husband from his wife. Orphans, without father or mother, have been left to live upon the cold charity of the world. Alas! the deserted hearths! Many families which, in the evening, have met around the common board, in the morning have had to deplore the loss of some loved member. But it is not so, that ministers of the gospel fled. It is not so, that the deeds of charity were confined to a few. Of those who remained in the place, all who could be of service, rendered it cheerfully and voluntarily. Several have fallen martyrs to their benevolence and attention to the sick. The human heart has not been frozen up by selfishness. Many, very many, spent wearisome nights and days in administering to the sick, whose names and deeds will never be heard beyond the little walls in which their charitable offices were rendered. And why should any particular individuals, ministers or physicians, be mentioned, to the exclusion of others? Or speak of one physician as a hero, or one minister as having done all, and meriting all the praise. There was an earnestness for the welfare of the sick, and a care and labour, bestowed by more than one or two, which will long endear the physicians and ministers of the place to its citizens. Health and life were risked every hour in the day and night, by hundreds of individuals, whose only reward will be the consciousness of having done their duty. I have known some ladies who hunted out the poor in their miserable dwellings, and administered the medicines prescribed for the disease, and where they failed, endeavour to smooth the path to the tomb. I have known young men, in the bloom of life, visit the miserable dwellings of poor, old, sick negroes, and perform duties from which, at any other time than that of general calamity and distress, they would have revolted with disgust. I have known the feeble and the sick to visit and comfort those who were worse off than themselves. Our butchers were employed in preparing the flesh, which had been voluntarily and without charge furnished the town by the benevolent and open-hearted farmers. The doors of the inns were thrown open gratuitously to all who chose to enter. The public authorities had a depot, where the poor could furnish themselves, free of cost, with all the necessaries of life. The citizens of our sister city, Louisville, with a benevolence rarely equalled, hearing of our distress, sent physicians to our aid, and bread stuffs to supply our town.—May God bless and prosper them.—And yet report would have it, that all was selfishness!—that every heart had been seared and hardened to the sufferings of the sick!—that the fountain of benevolence and charity had been dried up! It is a base libel upon the generous souls who compose this place! It is true, as it is everywhere, that help could not be obtained in every instance, and that individuals could not, on all occasions, visit their sick friends. But the reason is obvious: there were very few families in the place, if any, which entirely escaped the scourge, nor could, nor ought a person to leave the sick of his own home, to visit the dying of another. No one asked it, no one expected it. Two churches were open during the prevalence of the epidemic, the one for morning, the other for afternoon prayer; and it was a heart thrilling and joyous circumstance, when the accustomed melancholy peal of the bells of each, which before told of the prevalence of the plague among us, was no longer heard, morning or afternoon, calling the people to unite in prayer for its discontinuance; for the prayers of the righteous had been heard, and life and hope were again returning to the stricken and humble inhabitants. On the fourth of July, nothing was done to celebrate the day, as formerly, except to fire the morning guns. During the day all the churches were opened for service, and I am happy to state, that they were well attended. The Pestilence has left us, but it has left a fearful chasm in society, having taken away about one in eight of those who remained in the place. May God bless the dispensation to our present, and may his scourge never be left again among us."

We perceive in the last number of a Boston monthly paper—the Athenæum, consisting of extracts from foreign journals—an article of black verse, written in defiance of all metrical rule, and altogether inharmonious, accredited to Mrs. Hemans. We are sure that lady never perpetrated such stuff, and we would venture a small wager that the piece must have found its way into the Athenæum, through mistake.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"Lines to Anna," have not sufficient merit for publication. The sentiment is common-place, and the language deficient in spirit and consistency. Another attempt may be more successful.

"Madeline," a translation from the German of Scharfstein, will be published soon. We hope to hear from "Schiller" again.

"J. M. S." is on file.

Lines on the death of "J. W. O." need some revision. We will endeavour to oblige the author in a week or two.

The various thoughts on Love, with which Lara has favoured us, are pleasing in themselves, but too common-place for publication. The articles abound with repetitions, which it would be difficult to detach without rendering the parts which remain, pointless and uninteresting.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 19.—Received from		*Received from*	
C. D. Goodrich, (nett)	1 62	John D. King,	4 00
Joshua Hanse,	6 52	E. Peart,	2 00
A. S. Jenne,	3 00	I. Ewer, Esq.	20 00
James Thacher,	1 00	John Russell, Esq.	1 00
William Orden,	7 00	D. M. Walker, Esq.	2 00
Apollos Johnson, Esq.	5 00	Thos. Bowdre, Esq.	5 00
Noah Burnham, Esq.	1 00	Mr. S.'s taste is excellent:	
E. G. Courson, Esq.	1 00	John Morton, Esq.	5 00
Cyrus Keeler, Esq.	1 00	John K. Smith, Esq.	5 00
July 20.		M. Mendenhall, Esq.	4 00
R. W. Sale,	10 00	John Simpson, Esq.	1 00
John E. Dalton,	3 00	James Keyes, Esq.	1 00
Samuel Linton,	5 00	Levi Peirce, Esq.	2 00
W. S. M'Ewan, Esq.	15 00	J. Carter, Esq.	2 00
J. L. Wolcott, Esq.	2 00	*July 24.*	
Samuel Phillips, Esq.	1 25	C. C. Norvell, (accep. nance)	113 00
G. B. De Peyster, Esq.	2 00	Daniel L. Green,	4 00
Amos Stickney, Esq.	2 00	Do.	1 00
Judah Case, Esq.	3 00	Augustin Kellogg,	2 00
David G. Ramey, Esq.	2 00	W. M'Connell, Esq.	5 00
July 22.		R. Beardsley, Esq.	1 00
Samuel Gamble,	1 00	Jacob Karch, Esq.	10 00
James Patterson,	5 00	T. J. Kilborn, Esq.	3 00
T. J. Dobyns,	5 00	N. K. Bolt, Esq.	1 00
A. H. Scoville,	2 00	A. White, Esq.	5 00
Jacob H. Salkeld,	5 00	R. M'Clure, Esq.	4 00
John Kane,	3 00	Sam. J. Coz, Esq.	5 00
Sam. D. M'Cullough,	5 00	John C. Owens, Esq.	5 00
John C. M'Coy,	5 00	G. C. Gooding, A. T.	5 00
David Tod, Esq.	2 00	*July 25.*	
Wm. P. Burrall, Esq.	2 00	John Gamble, (nett)	3 75
Henry Canton, Esq.	5 00	C. G. Young, (nett)	3 75
Nat. Collamore, Esq.	3 00	J. P. Williams, (nett)	2 50
Russell Fitch, Esq.	3 00	E. G. Eastman, U.S.A.	3 00
Josiah Reed, Esq.	2 00	Charles Davis,	6 00
John Bryant, Esq.	1 00	Peter Bain, K. N. Y.	2 00
J. J. Schoonmaker,	2 00	John P. Graham, Esq.	3 00
Joseph Wright, Esq.	4 00	A. Burr, Esq. B.N.Y.	15 00
John Graham, Esq.	5 00	Curtis Porter, Esq. H. N. Y.	2 00
D. Bust, Esq.	1 00	John G. Gibbons, Esq.	2 00
Geo. T. Nagle, Esq.	2 00	Guy Maxwell, M. S.	2 00
J. S. Olmsted, Esq.	4 00	S. Ritter, Esq. R. P.	22 50
J. Beebe, Esq.	5 00	J. Falconer, Esq. M.	6 00
July 23.		H. J. Maxwell, Esq.	5 00
Thos. E. Boall,	5 00	J. B. Myers,	5 00
John Reynolds,	5 00		
E. Mallett,	1 00		
Hiram Mallory,	2 00		

* Not "free." The Post Office always charges where the Post Master's name is not on the letter.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The last number of the Library of Romance, edited by Leitch Ritchie, Esq. and published by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, contains *The Rondman, a story of the Times of Wat Tyler.* The author mentions that the idea of the story occurred to him while reading Robertson's Charles the Fifth, on the Feudal policy of Germany. The story is well told, and the work embraces a most interesting period of English history.

The Premium is the title of a handsome little volume, just published by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. It is filled with extracts from the writings of favourite authors, principally American, and has been compiled with good taste. A great variety of subjects are embraced in the work, all of which are ably treated. The Premium will be found a very entertaining companion.

Grigg's Quarterly Foreign Theological Library.—We have received the number for the week, containing a part of Leitch Ritchie's much admired Tale "The Doom of Life." The work is very cheap and valuable publication.

Parley's Magazine, which seems to find great favour with the juvenile population of our country, is a work which no boy or girl, who wishes to grow up a sensible man or an intelligent lady, should be without. The several numbers, up to June 8th, as they have recently been published in one volume, form a most interesting and entertaining work, containing an endless variety of subjects, all treated in a familiar and pleasing style. The wood cuts in the numbers are well executed, and are alone worth the price of subscription.

Messrs. Key and Biddle have just published in their usual complete and elegant manner, "Henry's Letters to an Anxious Inquirer, designed to relieve the difficulties of a friend under serious impressions." It is an important volume, and is an indispensable auxiliary to a proper contemplation of the most important of all subjects. The work contains a very judicious introductory essay, from the pen of the Rev. G. T. Bedell, rector of St. Andrews church, in this city.

We have received from a Cincinnati bookseller,—Mr. Alex. Flash,—a Poem, just published, entitled *The Emigrant*, or Reflections on descending the Ohio. It is a work of considerable power, and displays on the part of the author, the possession of no ordinary faculties and taste. He promises more matter from the same hand. Should he continue to print, he would advance his reputation by keeping his manuscript for a time after it has been written. This course will save him much harsh criticism, and give him renewed satisfaction in after time.

We have received from Mr. Peter Hill, bookseller, of New York, a work in two volumes, entitled the "*Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A. N. Q.:* to which is added the *History of a Steam Doctor.*" This publication, we are inclined to believe, will be much less popular than the articles from the pen of the author, while editor of the New York Constellation. Many of the conversations and incidents related in Dr. Duckworth's life are amusing, and if no higher were aimed at, than to gratify the vitiated appetite by nonsense and burlesque, Dr. Green has succeeded with his *quack doctors.* Under any circumstances, however, there are parts of the volumes, the expediency of publishing which, we consider decidedly questionable.

The author has for years been considered a man of humour, and many of his writings sustain this character. Why, then, should he hazard his reputation by an injudicious publication of this sort? Worked up into a tale of two or three columns, the adventures of Dr. Duckworth would have been passable—as they are published, they are insipid and tedious. Some of the good portions of the work we shall give our readers next week.

REV. MR. FIDLER'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

This work, which we were prevented by a press of business from noticing last week, is in character similar to those published by Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope. In genuine interest, humour, and enlivening description, it is far inferior; but in error, absurdity, prejudice and wicked misrepresentation, it is fully equal to either of its predecessors. The *Reverend* author, as appears from his own statements, unable to obtain a living in England, though possessed of profound learning, and intimately acquainted with Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Arabic, came to America to enlighten the ignorant natives, and in the expectation, no doubt, of finding dollars as plenty as blackberries. Of course he was disappointed, and his chagrin was not a little increased by the inattention of the Americans in not listening to his dull and brainless sermons. A greater egotist than this same divine, has probably never set foot on our shores.

To show the kind of company to which Mr. Fidler was introduced in New York, by his letters, we extract the following paragraph:—

"The person at whose house we had taken lodgings was an Englishman, a painter, who informed me that he had lived some years in Liverpool; but from the heavy weight of taxes, rates, and taxes, he had not been able to gain a living. He still had a shop there, and intended to return if the reform bill should pass. He so often spoke with contempt and bitterness of kings, nobility, priests, and taxes, that it was evident at once under what denomination he might be classed. He was a radical, a gambler, a frequenter of Tammany Hall, and of the lowest society. I blushed to think that such a person and myself should have entertained similar sentiments on such a subject. He had gone to America to improve his condition, but had not found that improvement realized. He hated, and cordially railed at the American people, their manners, and the prejudices they entertained against the English. His wife, a most worthy and industrious woman, told us, that had her husband been industrious and careful, they might have saved money, and been independent; but that they could, with the same means, have been much more comfortable in Liverpool."

The author's ministerial testimonials were not altogether satisfactory to the clergy of New York, to whom he presented them. A minister to whom he introduced himself, related to Mr. Fidler the following notice of a clerical impostor, which Fidler no doubt thought was meant for him.

"Another instance was by a person from England, of a low grade, who, having by some means gained possession of the papers and other documents belonging to some episcopal English clergyman, was admitted through them, under an assumed name, to ecclesiastical employment in America. He was detected in a way natural enough, but not very flattering to the judgment of his and tory. He had collected around him a large congregation. On Sunday, a person of mean condition from England entered his church, and was surprised on finding one of his fellow-workmen in the pulpit. He mentioned the circumstance to those around him. This announcement, like all bad news, soon spread far and wide, and found its way to the preacher himself, who instantly disappeared, and was never seen again in his former place. Hence it has arisen, that we pay no attention to letters of orders, or testimonials of character, be they ever so flattering, unless they come authenticated by clergymen in England of well-known respectability. Any person may produce high testimonials, forged, or from persons of no standing; but America will not be imposed on in any such way."

The following sentences and short paragraphs, from Mr. Fidler's learned and authentic work, will give our readers a pretty fair idea of the contents of the whole volume.

"The clergy of America are prohibited, by an act of legislature, from sitting in the chamber of representatives. This was not always the case, but was brought about after the following manner. One of the members of Congress, a clergyman, was very desirous that some permanent provision should be made for the episcopal church, and was urgent with a friend of his, a member also, to use his endeavours to accomplish it. This friend, probably annoyed by frequent solicitations, and being, as *American in general are represented, a summer's-day friend*, promised his word of honour, that he would do something for the church. Accordingly, he mentioned this circumstance in Congress on the first opportunity, and, relating his promise, moved that no clergyman should thenceforth sit in that house. The motion was carried by a vast majority, and clergymen, with their golden anticipations, vanished from it for ever. This was told me by a divine of eminence."

"It seemed to me probable, that there was as much distress in New York, in proportion to the population, as in London. We saw and relieved several beggars in the streets of that city."

"There is no dependence to be placed upon the promises or friendship of any person in this country."

"The episcopal church is gaining strength there, [in the United States,] and will ultimately be instured, in my opinion, into a *national church.*" "The episcopal clergy are greatly in advance of all other denominations, and march in the van of learning, improvement, and public virtue."

"It would be useless to attempt inducing them [the Americans] to pay for information which they could not at once convert to purposes of gain."

"Every family is a republic. The children are independent of parental control."

"There are some native Americans, whom all allow to be elegant authors; but we must always bear in mind that their education is rather European than American."

"A third rate talent in professions here, [in England,] is certainly equal to the highest in the states. I am greatly mistaken, if any first rate professional man exists in all America."

"I must confess, that it appeared to me not a little amusing, that every thing of literature of the States, with which one grapples, dwindles into mere pretence and vanishes into air."

"The pernicious conduct of an enterprising man [George Washington!] has given birth and freedom to a colossal power, and has transmitted to posterity his own name, enshrined among those of the greatest warrior, statesmen and legislators, that have appeared in the world."

"One regulation respecting fire-engines [in New York] is, that a person from the house of every citizen is required to attend, the moment a fire-bell rings, in order to work the engines."—"I was told that many wood buildings, when favourably situated for business, and let upon leases, are annually burnt down by some select incendiary, employed by the landlord. He finds, in such case, that it is his interest to accomplish this; and his tenant's goods and stock are but slight impediments. The wood house, once burnt down, the tenant finds himself obliged either to build a fire-proof house, or to evacuate his lease." [This shows the remarkable honorability of the Reverend author. The story would have been somewhat improved, had the landlord been represented as setting fire to the buildings with his own hand, instead of employing an agent, there would be less danger of detection.]

The great disappointments Mr. Fidler experienced, in not being able to procure a church, added no little to the irritability of his temper, as well as to the severeness of that of the [illegible] which he speaks in no very flattering terms. The spleen which this circumstance engendered increased daily while he remained in the States, and he left no opportunity unimproved to give vent to his indignation. Some of the conversations he relates are ineffably ridiculous—witness the following.

"The Americans," continued my informant, "are in general, strangers to the finer feelings; and take pleasure in humbling those whose manners differ from their own. If you retire back from the larger cities, which have received a tincture from European residents, you will have ample opportunities of realising this tale, in almost every particular. Your family, indeed, will keep you from utter solitude; but if your children mix at all times with those around them, their conduct towards yourself will be so contaminated with republican principles, as will become a source of hourly vexation. Such places are fitted only for the rudest people, and offer no correspondence with minds in the least refined by good society, or humanized by literature."

"One particular, exultingly mentioned by the shipwrecked Captain, and agreed in by all who had been in America, was the skill of American traders in striking bargains. An American, they said, could meet an Englishman round his finger; could see further into matters of business, and that if his and money are spared, he intends to fulfil, and more than fulfil, the pledge; and until some proof is alledged that he has deceived, will not be induced to believe it. Such sentiments ought to be considered gratuitous and unfounded. From the *steady* increase of bankruptcy, with its sustained proofs of dishonesty, in this instance, it may be done. It is requested that such character as may have taken place since the publication of "Friends' Almanac," by M'Carty & Davis, for the year 1828, may be forwarded to Evan Lewis, No. 94 North 5th street, Philadelphia, or otherwise, and may be had of him, or of Elijah Weaver, No. 5 North Front street, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents a dozen, or by copies a piece.

N. B. A general supply of Anti-Slavery publications to be had of Evan Lewis, No. 94 North 5th street, Philadelphia. Tenth mo. 27th, 1832.

BOOK OF NATURE—No. 2.

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST, containing two elegant plates, viz.

Plate 21. *Quadrupeds*—Lion, Lioness and young.
22. *Ornithology*—Parrots, 7 species finely coloured.
23. *Quadrupeds*—Peccary, Tapir, &c. 7 species.
24. *Mammalia*—Whales, &c. 3 species.
25. *Amphibia*—Chameleons, Lizards, &c. 5 species.
26. *Mammalia*—Rats, 5 species.
27. *Conchology*—Various figures of shells.
28. *Botany*—12 Classes of Linnæus.
29. *Entomology*—Great African White Ants.
30. *Physiology*—Organs of Digestion, figures.

Engravings of part of this No. it will be found the work is advancing in beauty and interest. *After the first of August the price is all new subscribers will be $3 a year: $2.75 for four copies for one year: $2 for a single copy.*

☞ As it is desirable that all possible publicity should be given to the above terms, we propose to forward to every publisher who will notice this change, a specimen No. of the work, to be named by themselves.

☞ To the agents by a correspondent, whether any different rate will be made to those who have already subscribed, the answer is no change in terms will be made to them, although we add a large amount of popular descriptive reading, which was not announced at commencement of the original price. We will not receive any subscription after the first number for less than the premium stipulated every.

☞ And as it is desirable that all possible publicity should be given to the above terms, we propose to forward to every publisher who will notice this change, a specimen No. of the work, to be named by themselves.

D. C. ATKINSON,
19 Third-st's Alley, Philada.

July 20—tf

Astonishment having been expressed that the price of the work "was not sufficient to warrant its continuance," in consequence of the great expense attending its publication, the publisher feels it necessary to say, that he has pledged himself certainly to complete it at its present price, unless embellishments to the work of a costly nature, and that if life and means are spared, he intends to fulfil, and more than fulfil this pledge; and until some proof is alledged that he has deceived, will not be induced to believe it. Such sentiments ought to be considered gratuitous and unfounded. From the *steady* increase of bankruptcy, with its sustained proofs of dishonesty, in this instance, it may be done. It is requested that such character as may have taken place since the publication of "Friends' Almanac," by M'Carty & Davis, for the year 1828, may be forwarded to Evan Lewis, No. 94 North 5th street, Philadelphia, or otherwise, and may be had of him, or of Elijah Weaver, No. 5 North Front street, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents a dozen, or by copies a piece.

N. B. A general supply of Anti-Slavery publications to be had of Evan Lewis, No. 94 North 5th street, Philadelphia. Tenth mo. 27th, 1832.

Finding Store,

S. E. corner of Fifth and Spruce Streets.

WHERE may be found a very general assortment of Furniture, consisting of pictures, gilt mouldings, looking glasses, hollands, venetians, pins, tacks and rope, worsted stair carpet and flannel bindings, tape lines, Rogers' knives, cupper screws, Chamber carriages, Chamber's carriages and tassels, cotton, Patent's spool cotton and floss, &c.

Also, for sale, rag carpet, matting, painted canvas, looking glass plates and boxes, &c. &c. L. H. WIGGINS.

July 6—tf

ALMANACK.

1833. JULY.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
27 SATURDAY,	4 52	7 8	11 r	
28 SUNDAY,	4 53	7 7		6. 2. m.
29 MONDAY,	4 54	7 6	0 32	
30 TUESDAY,	4 55	7 5	1 16	
31 WEDNESDAY,	4 56	7 4	1 53	Full 1 7 32
1 THURSDAY,	4 57	7 3	2 34	Last 9 11 6
2 FRIDAY,	4 58	7 2	3 24	New 17 1 9
3 SATURDAY,	4 59	7 1	4 23	First 23 4 33

Post Office.—Arrival and Departure of Mails.

ARRIVES	CLOSES
Eastern ..... about 6 A. M.	Eastern ..... at 3 P. M
Southern ..... 7 to 7 P. M.	Southern ..... 5 A. M.
Western ..... 6 & 8 P. M.	Western ..... 11 A. M. & 6 P. M.

Single Copies of this paper for Sale every Saturday at the following places:

A. D. Tare, No. 247 South Fifth street.
G. W. Mentz, No. 79 Race street.

MARRIAGES.

At Friends' Meeting, Darby, Delaware county, on the 13th ult. Halliday Jackson, to Ann P. Paschall.

On Sunday evening, 9th June, by the Rev. J. C. Sears, Mr. Jacob Landenslagers, to Miss Sarah W. daughter of Mr. Abraham P. Fering, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Sears, Mr. Gilmore P. Schiffeli, to Miss Margaret Ann, daughter of Mr. William Hamilton, all of this city.

At Savannah, on Wednesday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Preston, the Hon. John MacPherson Berrien, to Eliza Cecil, eldest daughter of Colonel James Hunter, all of that city.

At Boylston, Mr. William Comstock, associate editor of the Bunker Hill Aurora, to Miss Mary M. Davenport.

On the 17th June, by the Rev. Mr. Perry, Mr. Edward Wilson, to Miss Ann Wells, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev'd John L. Dagg, Walter S. Roberts, to Sarah, daughter of Matthew Randall.

On Thursday, the 18th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., rector of St. Paul's Church, in this city, to Miss Susan Wilson, daughter of Mr. Thomas Mitchell, Esq. of this city.

On Monday, 25th March inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, Mr. John C. Jennings, to Miss Margaret W. Delaway, both of this city.

On Thursday evening of last week, by the Rev. W. A. Wiggins, Mr. John Wood, to Miss Susan Turner, all of Kensington.

On Thursday, the 18th inst. by his Honor the Mayor, James M. De Wafle, Esq. merchant, to Sarah, eldest daughter of George Laws, both of Philada.

In Jonestown, Lebanon county, on Tuesday, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stein, Mr. David Rank, merchant, of Harrisburg, to Miss Mary, daughter of Col. Michael Seltzer, of the former place.

At Christ Church, N. Y. on Thursday morning, 18th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, the Rev. Albert Sardis, Assistant Minister of said Church, to Sarah Pierce, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Lyell, D.D.

On Sunday evening, 14th inst. at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. James Naulty, to Miss Susanna Nagle.

On Saturday evening, the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Thomas D. Lee, to Miss Mary Ann Mythan.

On the 11th inst. by Rev. A. C. Thomas, Mr. Chas. Fogue, to Miss Eliza Burrell, all of this city.

On Monday evening, 22d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Thomas Wiser, to Miss Mary Milligan, all of Southwark.

On Thursday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev'd Mr. Pyne, John Evans Redman, to Elizabeth S. daughter of the late Captain Joseph Turner, all of Kensington.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 30th ult. Mr. Henry Hughes, to Miss Susan Thomas.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 20th inst. Mr. Michael Fausck, to Miss Catharine Metzgar, all of Kensington.

DEATHS.

At Burlington, N. J. on Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, in the 86th year of his age, the Rev. Charles Henry Wharton, Rector of St. Mary's Church, of that city.

In the Island of Ceylon, India, on the 17th of January last, Mrs. Harriet, wife of the Rev. Mr. Winslow, missionary of the American Board. Mrs. W. was a daughter of Charles Lathrop, Esq. of Connecticut. A sister of Mrs. Winslow, (Mrs. Hutchins) left Boston among the late reinforcement of missionaries for the same destination, and is now about three weeks out. The first news she will receive of Mrs. Winslow's death, will probably be at the expected moment of meeting, after a separation of 12 or 15 years.

At Alton, Illinois, June 19, of cholera, in less than six hours, Dr. Samuel Barrett, formerly of Ashby, Mass. He went to that place to become acquainted with the symptoms and treatment of cholera.

On Sunday afternoon, the 21st inst. Timothy Desmond, aged 65 years.

In Pittsburgh, on the 17th inst. the Rev. Charles B. McGuire, in the 64th year of his age.

Suddenly, on Thursday, 18th inst. Augustus M. Moore.

On Friday evening, 19th inst. Miss Eliza A. Mc[illegible] Daniel, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 17th inst. late Francis O'Daniel, aged about 35 years,

Variety is the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

WILLIE'S COURTSHIP.

Tune—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

Young Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor siller,
An' yet the bly the callum's as crouse as a king;
He courts his an lass, an' he sings a song till her—
Talk neat, an' ye've hear what the laddie does sing:—
"O, Jenny! to tell that I lue you 'fore ony,
Wad need liner words than I've gatten to tell!
Nor need I say to ye, Ye're winsomn an' bonnie—
I'm thinkin' ye ken that fu' heavily yoursel'!
"I've courted ye long—Do ye hear what I'm telling?—
I've courted you, mnkin' ye yet wad be mine;
An' if we add marry wi' only as shilling,
At the wans, only as shilling, Jenny, we'se time.
But love doesna aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,
Nor happiness dwell what the rollers are fu';
As muckle we'll surely aye gather atween us,
That want ne'er sal meet us, nor mak'ry purse.
"The chiels that are christened to riches an' grandeur,
Ken naught o' the pleasure that hard labour brings;
What is idleness comes, they in idleness squander,
While the lab'ring man toils a' the lang day, an' singst
Then why auld we envy the great an' the noble?
That *thocht* is a kingdom—it's ours what we ne'e!—
A boast that repays us for ear wark an' trouble;
"I've earned it!" is mair than a monarch can say.
"The green buds now peep thro' the auld runkled rimmer,
The sun, at a breath, drinks the hale morning dew,
An' nature is glad at the comin' o' simmer,
As glad as I'm aye at the smiling o' you!
The flowers are a' springing, the birds are a' singing,
And beauty and pleasure are wooin' the plain;
Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it—
'The simmer o' life, Jenny, comes na again!"
Blackwood.

Some pumingly disposed person of Pittsburgh has communicated to the *editor* of the Mercury, of that place, the following conversation between Mr. Webster and a gentleman in the shoe trade. It is scarcely *and* true, as the editor remarks, but the wit is *pungent* and *pointed*.

PUNGENT CONVERSATION.—While Mr. Webster was in company the other day with a number of gentlemen, Mr. D—— remarked to him, "the day seareth warm, Mr. Webster."

"Yes, sir, very. I presume, from your observation, that you *are* in the *shoe trade*."

This observation excited much laughter. Mr. W. then inquired, "Is that *end*, Mr. D?"

"Yes, *sir*, that is my *last*."

"I hope you will excuse this *cat* at your *business*; I beg for *quarters*, and hope, if your feelings are hurt, that they may be easily *heel'd*."

"Never mind, Mr. W., I never get my *bristles* up in the way of *trade*."

"I am happy to find your temper keep its *seat*; I feared you might have *occasion* to be displeased."

"Nay at all, sir, you cannot *stir*-up my temper when I understand the *thread* of your discourse."

"I am pleased to find, Mr. D., though your *work* may be *run* done, still you *seem* in good humour."

"With you, *sir*, by *awl* means, for I am convinced that your whole *sole*, and every thing to *boot*, is favourable to mechanics."

"You are right, Mr. D., I feel myself *bound* to be so by *ties* of strongest friendship."

"Well, I declare, Mr. W., you *stick* to *trade* like *wax*; I think, however, our passing is near a *close*, and I believe we could not *mend* it much by repeating it again."

"Well, *sir*, I acknowledge that I am nearly worn *out*, and to bring our discourse to an *end* at *last*, we will take another glass of wine, and say we are sew'n up."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A CHARADE.

I am a word of 10 letters: my 7th, 8th, 3d and 4th is the name of a useful animal. My 9th, 8th, 3d and 5th, is that which we all have. My 7th, 8th, 6th and 10th, is that which abounds in the country, at a certain season. My 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, is that which the United States abounds in. My 1st, 5th, 7th, 7th, 8th and 10th, is the name of a season under ground. My 10th, 6th, 8th and 3d, is the name of an article that is often taken. My 4th, 8th, 9th and 10th, is that which generally accompanies soldiers. My 4th, 8th, 6th and 5th, is the name of an article that is of great use to farmers. My 10th, 6th, 8th and 4th, is the name of a pale light colour. My 10th, 2d, 3d and 4th, is the name of a very disagreeable disease. My 3d, 2d, 7th, and 5th, is the name of a stubborn animal. My 4th, 7th, 8th, 3d, 5th and 10th, is that which none of us likes to be. My 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th and 3d, is the name of an article that belongs to a knife. My 4th, 7th, 2d and 5th, is the name of a beautiful colour. My 1st, 8th, 9th and 10th, is that which we all have to carry. My 1st, 7th, 5th, 8th and 9th, is that which most of us like to be; and my whole is the name of a river in the United States. N. F. C.

A solution is requested.

Among the numerous anecdotes related of the late Mr. Randolph we notice the following. Mr. R. was a member, when a young man, of a convivial society in Richmond, Va. The club having fallen into the practice of drinking very freely of wine, agreed to drink no more until it should rain. An unexpected drought ensued which seemed likely never to terminate. The club was in dismay, till at length a member proposed a resolution, which unanimously passed, in these words—"Resolved that it *does* rain."

HOW TO HANG UP A BASIN.—A gentleman in this town who has in his kitchen two rosy cheeked daughters of the Emerald Isle, overheard them in conversation one morning upon the subject of hanging up a basin. After many wishes of "bad luck to the dirty baste of a tinman who sothered on no handle at all," a chuckle of satisfaction succeeded, and one of them exultingly exclaimed—"Now it will bang up, it will, the curse of St. Patrick upon it!" Going into the kitchen a few moments afterwards, he saw the basin suspended by a string through a hole at the bottom!—*Lowell Journal.*

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—A gravestone has lately been erected in Carisbrooke church yard, to the memory of the late Mr. Charles Dixon, of Newport, smith and farrier. The following humorous epitaph is inscribed on it:—

"My *sledge* and *hammer* lie reclined,
My *bellows* they have lost their wind;
My *fire's* extinct, my *forge* decayed,
My *vice* low in the dust is laid.
My *coals* are spent, my *iron* gone,
My last *nail's* drove, my *work* is done."

On a late visit of the Vice President to Brooklyn, Long Island, among those who came to see him, was a very ancient Dutch lady, whose grey hairs and wrinkles betokened physical decay, though her curiosity was as lively as ever. After an introduction the Vice President addressed her in *Dutch*; the old lady, much astonished to hear her own language, opened her eyes a little wider than usual, but soon recovered herself and responded in the same polite dialect. After a few minutes delightful converse she retired, and declared to her friends that Mr. Van Buren was an extraordinary man, a right great man, a *learned* man—for, said she, "*He can speak Dutch almost as well as I can!*"

DAZZLING ARGUMENT.—"You teach," said the emperor Trajan, to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that he renders it among your nations. I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed every where," replied Joshua, "but he cannot be seen; no mortal eye can behold his glory." The emperor insisted. "Well," said Joshua, "suppose we try to look first at one of his subordinates?" The emperor consented. The rabbi took him into the open air at noon-day, and bade him look at the sun in its meridian splendour. "I cannot," said Trajan, "the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of one of his creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate thee?"

A RARE SUBSTITUTE.—An elderly lady, a few days since, entered a dry goods store, laid her parasol on the counter, and proceeded to exam-ne some goods.—After she had purchased what she wanted, she took the yard stick, and holding it erect, walked out of the store, much to the astonishment and amusement of the clerks. Crossing the street, the sun began to scorch her shoulders, whereupon, looking up, she observed her error, and exclaimed, "Bless my soul, I thought I hadn't my own parasol, I never knew *that* to fail in rain or sunshine."

There is a pleasant anecdote of Lord Howe, who, before his great battle with the French, when the British sailors expressed a wish for a little more grog, replied, "Let 'em wait till it's over, and we'll all get drunk together." An incident quite as characteristic, occurred on board Commodore Stewart's frigate after his engagement with the British corvettes, the Levant and Cyane. The two captured British commanders were sitting with the Commodore in his cabin, when a sailor entered and asked whether the crew of the frigate could not have their allowance of grog. "Why," said the Commodore, "grog time is past. You had your allowance before the fight." "Aye, *sir*," replied the sailor, "that's true; but we turned the jiggers over, and aware no man should taste a drop till them there two Englishmen were taken."—*Nat. Gazette.*

REVERY LOGICAL.—The minister of a neighboring parish was called, some time ago, to effect a reconciliation between a fisherman, of a certain village, and his helpmate. After using all the arguments in his power to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly to chastise, *manually*, his beloved *cara sposa*, the minister concluded,—"David, you know that the wife is the weaker *vessel*, and ye should have pity on her."

"Confound her," replied the morose fisherman, "if she's the weaker vessel, she should carry the *less sail*."

OFFICIOUSNESS OF PHYSIC.—A comical sort of a newspaper editor "down east, reports an offer of a druggist to advertise his drugs and medicines, and take his pay *out o' the shop*. He says he will take nearly all sorts of produce in payment for the papers and advertising, "such as parsnips, wooden combs, old clothes, cold victuals," &c.—but he wont take *physic!*

EXTRACT

From "The District school as it was," a recent New England publication.

Under the chapter, "How they used to spell," is a curious notice of a boy, Memorus Wordwell "the most extraordinary spelling, and indeed reading machine in our school," and we must give "one little anecdote about Memorus Wordwell before we let him go."

It happened one day that the "cut and split" for the fire fell short, and Jonas Patch was out, wielding the axe in school time. He had been at work about a half an hour, when Memorus, who was perceived to have less to do than the rest, was sent out to take his place. He was about ten years old, and four years younger than Jonas. "Memorus, you may go out and spell Jonas." Our hero did not think of the Yankee sense in which the master used the word spell; indeed he had never attached but one meaning to it whenever it was used with reference to himself. He supposed the master was granting him a rule extraordinary, on his favorite hobby. So he put his spelling book under his arm, and was out at the wood pile with the speed of a boy rushing to play.

"Ye got yer spellin lesson, Jonas?" was his first salutation. "Haven't looked at yet," was the reply. I mean to cut up this plaguy great log, spelling or no spelling, before I go in. I had as lieve keep warm here cleppin wood, as freeze up there in that ramsacked cold back seat." "Well, the master sent me out to hear you spell." "Did he? well, put out the words and I'll spell." Memorus being so distinguished a speller, Jonas did not doubt but that he was really sent out on this errand. So our deputy spelling master mounted the top of the wood-pile, just in front of Jonas, to put out the words to his temporary pupil, who still kept on putting out chips.

"Do you know were the lesson begins, Jonas?" "No, I don't, but I spose I shall find out now." "Well, here, tis." (They both belonged to the same class.) "Spell A-bom-i-na-tion." Jonas spells. "A-b-o-m bom a-bom (in the mean time up goes the axe high in air,) i a-bom-i (down it goes again chuck into the wood) n-a a-bom-i-na (up it goes again) t-i-o-n tion, a-bom-i-na-tion, 'chuck the axe goes again, and at the same time out flies a furious chip and hits Memorus on the nose." At this moment the master appeared just at the corner of the school house, with one foot still on the threshold. "Jonas, why don't you come in? didn't I send Memorus out to spell you?"

"Yes, sir, and he has been spelling me, how could I come in if he spelt me here?" At this the master's eye caught Memorus perched upon the top stick, with his book open upon his lap, rubbing his nose, and just in the act of putting out the next word of the column. Ac-com-mo-da-tion, pronounced Memorus in a broken but louder voice than before, for he caught a glimpse of the master, and he wished to let him know that he was doing his duty. This was too much for the master's gravity. He perceived the mistake, and without saying more wheeled back into the school-room almost bursting with the most tumultuous laugh he ever tried to suppress. The scholars wondered at his looks, and grinned in sympathy. But in a few minutes Jonas came in, followed by Memorus with his spelling book, who exclaimed, "I have heard him spell clean through a whole lesson, and he didn't spell hardly one of 'em right." The master could hold in no longer, and the scholars perceived the blunder, and there was one simultaneous roar from pedagogue and pupils; the scholars laughing twice as loud and uproariously in consequence of being permitted to laugh in schooltime, and to do it with the accompaniment of the master.

JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

1. A hyperbolical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "By what door does the owner come in?"

2. Being asked what was the best hour for dinner, he replied, "For the rich, when they please; for the poor, when they can."

3. Seeing a wicked boy throwing stones at the gallows, he replied, "well aimed, boy! you will hit the mark at last."

4. He called a bad singer Mr. Cock; being asked the reason, he said, "his notes are the signal for a general rising."

5. When told that his countrymen, the Synopians, had sentenced him to banishment, he replied, "I have condemned them to a worse punishment—to stay at home."

6. Being asked by a student of natural history, what was the worst beast, he replied, "of the wild, the Slanderer; of the tame, the Flatterer."

7. Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself, on an olive tree, he exclaimed, "O, that all trees would bear such fruit."

8. One lawyer unjustly charged another with theft: Diogenes being chosen umpire, condemned both, declaring that the accused was a thief, but the accuser had lost nothing.

9. Seeing the son of a courtesan throwing stones at a crowd, he called out, "Take care, boy, lest you hit your father!"

10. Hearing a handsome youth speak foolishly, he exclaimed, "What a shame to see a leaden sword drawn from an ivory scabbard!"

11. Seeing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.

FATHER EGGS.—Schaeffer, the dancing master is now dead; but the memory of his eccentricities still lives. He was once a boarder at the Lamb tavern Boston, when this house was the resort of sundry gentlemen of the Legislature. A party of the last had returned, one evening, from one of Potter's exhibitions; and while talking over what they had seen, in presence of Schaeffer, confessed that nothing puzzled them so much as the feat of frying eggs in a hat. The *modus operandi* of Potter's other tricks they thought they had detected; but this particular feat quite exceeded their comprehension. They could not, for the life of them, see through it. "Why, gentlemen," said Schaeffer, joining in the conversation, "I can't agree with you. It really strikes me that the trick of Potter's can be imitated with the greatest ease imaginable. If any gentleman here will accommodate me with the loan of his hat, I will do it in a moment, and if I do not succeed I will forfeit a bottle.

All were eager to see the performance, and every hat was held out. Schaeffer took the hat of one of the most strenuous doubters, and deliberately broke in it a dozen of eggs. He then muttered the usual incantation: "presto, vesto, change," &c. at the same time whirling the hat pretty vigorously, in order to give the contents a good stirring up. He then looked into the hat with a face apparently full of confidence, which was instantaneously turned into a blank, stupid stare, on its being ascertained that the contents of the eggs remained without change; the hat meanwhile, being pretty thoroughly soaked under the operation. Having gazed for some moments at the rueful plight of the chapeau, Schaeffer, recovering from his apparent astonishment, at length exclaimed,—"Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say it, but I have lost my bet. But, I declare I thought I could do it."

A SOUND DENTIST.—I was much amused the last morning watch I kept. We were stowing the hammocks in the quarter deck nettings, when one of the boys came up with his hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his cheek. "What have you got there, my good lad, a gum bile? your cheek is very much swelled out." "No sir," replied the boy, "there's nothing at all the matter." "Oh, there must be; it is a bad tooth then. Open your mouth and let me see." Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, and discovered a large roll of tobacco leaf. "I see, I see," said the first lieutenant, "your mouth wants overhauling and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board; but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armourer up here with his tongs." When the armourer made his appearance, the boy was made to open his mouth, while the chew of tobacco was extracted with his rough instrument.—"There, now," said the first lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already; you never could have had any appetite. Now, captain of the afterguard, bring a piece of old canvass and some sand here, and clean his teeth nicely." The captain of the afterguard came forward, and putting the boy's head between his knees, scrubbed his teeth well with the sand and canvass for two or three minutes. "There, that will do," said the first lieutenant. "Now my little fellow, your mouth is nice and clean, and you'll enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten any thing with your mouth in such a nasty state. When it's dirty again come to me, and I'll be your dentist."—*Peter Simple, in the Metropolitan.*

FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE MOORS.—A Portuguese surgeon was one day accosted by a young Moor, from the country, who addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *droages* to kill his father, and as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well,) replied with *sang fraid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?" "Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made so much money: has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well and departed. About eight days after he came again to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed, accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day, the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt that he is a Marabout"—(a saint.)

CURE FOR A SNAKE BITE.—A man was bit by a snake, and in fifteen minutes his foot was swelled to double its size; in fifteen minutes more his foot was entirely cured, by putting it into a large bucket full of new milk. If the critters are not well opened by the snake's teeth, open them with an instrument, make the blood run muddling free, &c.—*Galenian*

MISNOMER.—This is an Indian word, which was variously interpreted by our fore-fathers to mean, "Parent of Rivers," "or Eldest son of the Ocean."

From the Journal of Health.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Behold you grumbling, waspish, discontented fellow—whom nothing diverts, but every thing displeases.—Hark to his croaking voice condemning mirth and cheerfulness as folly, and the serenity of contentment as the dream of ignorance. He looks abroad upon the light of nature but smiles not; he enters within the domestic circle, but its simple and innocent pleasures fail to cheer him. To him all is dark and gloomy, all is deceitful and insincere. The brightest talents—the most sublime philanthropy, the purest virtue, are in his eyes nothing, worse than nothing—superficial pretensions—hypocritical cant—the perfection of cunning. And who is this person? He is a being blessed with friends—with competence, with talents, and we may add with a heart formed to delight in the happiness of his fellow man. But how came he reduced to this state of partial insanity? By his own folly!—He ate and he drank, despising the unsophisticated appetites that nature had bestowed upon him and turning a deaf ear to the admonitions of reason and experience. He lived a life of luxury in every sense. A want never existed with him, for all his wants were provided for before they could possibly be felt.—In the fullest meaning of the phrase he courted ease—exemption from toil—exemption from thought—from care, almost from exercise—and he is now as you behold him—a hypochondriac! His disease is one which gives more trouble to the physician, and inflicts a greater amount of suffering upon the patient than almost any other. It is a perfect disorganizer of the republic of the mind; which all who are friends to order and who delight to behold cheerful faces and contented minds should join in banishing from the world. When once it gains influence, farewell happiness, farewell tranquility. The legislative power of reason is opposed and suspended. The executive of the will weakened and interrupted in its office. It is a complete grumbletonian—view every thing on the dark side, sets nothing to rights, but is forever muttering every thing is going to ruin. A sad companion this to be chained to day and night—in public and in private. Let common sense prescribe a remedy. All diseases should be checked in the beginning. Hypochondriasis, like faction, should be silenced in its first murmurs. Like a young lover, it makes timid approaches at first. It is an enemy of the cowardly kind, and seldom appears in front of its prey, but attacks covertly and commonly brings up the rear of our misfortune's or our follies. On its first appearance, "resist it," and like satan, it will "flee from thee." Never think, because it is sometimes the companion of great men, and brilliant talents, it must be admitted into your closets, or follow you into company.—Have some regard for the happiness of your friends, if not for your own, and you will count by every means the possession of cheerfulness, rather than give way weakly to this gloomy fiend. Hypochondriasis is the eclipse of the mind. When we see a bright character benighted with this malady, we are apt to think some evil planet rules, and wish ourselves spectators of a more pleasing sight—it is not easy to find one more disagreeable. Beware of "Scylla and Charybdis:" steady prudence sails between them, and is seldom molested by this harpy. Immoderate grief, or excessive joy, too much care or too great security, invite the gloomy guest. Raise the voice to too high a pitch and it loses its powers; so it is with the mind. One extreme commonly follows another; and hypochondriasis is apt to follow all extremes. Recollect that the frame of man was made for motion, and that its springs lose their elasticity when they remain too long quiescent, and this disorder finds him an easy prey. But it is by the stomach that hypochondriasis most commonly invades the system.—Beware of the dainty dish; the sparkling glass—the poisoned bowl. Let not prudence and moderation ever sleep when the cloth is spread and the feast displayed. They who at table are off their guard, will become the victims most assuredly of the gloomy, cruel fiend, hypochondriasis. Industry and innocent amusement, prudence and temperance are the greatest friends to health and happiness, and the most formidable enemies to this disorder. If the complaint threatens to approach, we would recommend, every clear morning, a sight at the rising sun, always moderate exercise, nutritive food, and cheerful company. Never indulge solitude: hypochondriasis, like the assassin, seeks the solitary victim. Do not think to drown it with much wine, nor strong drink—drowning melancholy with liquor, is like giving an importunate beggar money to get rid of him—he may make a bow, and leave you to-day; tomorrow he will attack you with double confidence.

EGGS OF INSECTS.

Insects' eggs are not all of an oval form like those of birds, but somewhere like a pear, some like an orange, some like a pyramid, and some like a flask.

The eggs of the gnat, for instance, may be compared, in shape, to that of a powder flask, and the mother gnat lays about three hundred at a time. Now each egg, by itself, would sink to the bottom of the water: yet the gnat puts the whole three hundred together in the form of a little boat, and in such way, that they will all swim on the surface of the water; and a very curious way she has of managing this.

Like other insects, the gnat has six legs. Four of these (the four fore-legs) she fastens to a floating leaf, or to the side of a bucket, if she is on the water contained in one. Her body is thus held level with the water, except the last ring of her abdomen, which is a little raised. This being done, she begins to make use of her other two legs, (or hind legs) and crosses them in the shape of the letter X. The open part of this X, next to her tail, serves as a kind of scaffolding, to support the eggs as she lays them. Each egg, as it comes from the gnat holds the two raised with a kind of glue; and until the second egg is laid on an angle of the X she then glues another egg to it, and glued to it; stick together thus *o*, making a kind of trellis these figure of three, and thus is the beginning of the boat. Thus she goes on, piling egg upon egg, keeping the boat in proper shape by her useful hind legs. As the boat grows in size, she pushes it from her by degrees, still adding to the unfinished end next to her body.—When the boat is half built, her hind legs are stretched out thus —, the X or cross-form is no longer wanted, and she holds up the boat as cleverly as if it was done with two outstretched arms.

The boat is at length completed, and an excellent boat it is, quite water tight. For though it is very small and delicate, yet no tossing of the waves will sink it; and nothing can fill it with water or turn it upside down. In fact, the glue with which it is covered prevents it from ever being wet. Even if the boat be pushed down to the bottom of the water, up it comes again quite dry: so that it is better than the best life boat that has ever yet been invented.

The eggs of insects are not, like those of birds, always smooth, but are sometimes ribbed, and sometimes tiled, or otherwise sculptured or carved on the outside.

The shell of an insect's egg is rarely or ever brittle, like that of a bird, but composed of a tough membranous which, in some instances, can be stretched out, as appears from the eggs of ants and some other insects growing considerably larger in the process of hatching.

The mother insects, usually dying before their eggs are hatched, do not sit upon them like birds, except in the singular instance of the earwig, which, from the proceedings of one kept by me in a glass, in March, 1832, appears to attend more to shutting the eggs about to pieces where they may receive moisture, than any thing like hatching by covering them. Ants shift their eggs according to the changes of the day and night, and also of the weather, placing them near the surface of their nests when it is warm and dry, and deep down when it is cold or wet.

In consequence of being exposed to the same temperature, all the eggs of any particular species, in any given district, are hatched exactly at the same time, or at most within a few days; and when such eggs are numerous, an immense number of caterpillars make their appearance all at once on plants and bushes, and give rise to the notion that they are brought by winds, or generated by what is called *blighting* weather, though this is as absurd as to say the wind could bring a flock of cattle, or that the *blight* could generate a flight of sparrows or rooks without eggs to hatch them from.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By Samuel Coate Atkinson,

No. 12 HUDSON'S ALLEY,

A few doors South of 112 Chesnut street.

TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 25, for six months.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.

*** Small notes of Solvent Banks, excepting Banks of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Louisiana, received at par value for subscriptions, &c. by mail.

Summer Boarding.

In the Pleasant Village of Vincentown, N. Jersey.

THE subscriber has provided comfortable accommodations for a number of boarders during the summer, at his house in the village, he assures those who may favor him with their company every convenience and attention. Independent of his own exertions to please, the situation offers many inducements, being one of the most pleasant and healthy in the neighborhood.

EDWARD HUTCHINSON, Vincentown, New Jersey.

A daily conveyance may be had, to and from the place, via Burlington. july 8—6t

Look Here.

THE Legatees of William Thorn, late of the county of Burlington, New Jersey, deceased, are requested to call on the subscriber before the 1st day of July next, or they will be paid to said Legatees at the death of the widow of said deceased.

Bordentown, June 8th, 1833. jun 8—3*

To Restore Eyesights.

A PHYSICIAN in New Jersey, within forty miles of Philadelphia, whose practice amounts to about twenty hundred dollars a year, wishes to retire from business, and is willing to introduce a Physician into his practice who can come well recommended, on very easy terms. Apply to Dr. Dallam, No. 14 south Fourth street, or Burgin & Pearce's, No. 17, Bread street, Philadelphia. july 6—6t

New Bedford Oil & Lamp Store,

No. 12 South Seventh Street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened, at the above place, a store for the sale of Oil, Spermaceti Candles, Lamps, and all articles appertaining to them; and has made arrangements, to receive, direct from New Bedford, a large and general supply of the first-rate articles in his line, and pledges himself that none other shall be sold from his establishment.

Just received per late arrivals from New Bedford, 6,000 gallons white Winter Oil: 5,000 do. do. early Spring Strained do.: 2,500 do. Bleached and common Whale Oil, for kitchen use. Also, Adams's Improved & Spermaceti Candles; all of which he offers for sale at the lowest market prices, by retail or wholesale, for cash.

Families supplied, and oil sent to any part of the city free of charge.

A general assortment of fashionable and common Lamps, Lamp Glasses, cut and plain shapes, &c. july 20—6t

Wanted.

A WELL qualified teacher to take charge of the Upper Darby Union School. Application to be made at No 8 north Sixth street, or to either of the following named gentlemen, Members of the Committee, viz.

DAVID SNYDER, Sheriff,
CHAS. CADWALLADER, Jr. } Committee.
CHAS. BELLERS, Upper Darby, } july 27—3t*

Oil and Lamp Store.

JOHN B. A. ALLEN'S New Bedford Oil and Lamp Store, 12 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. july 20—1y

S. W. Carpenter's

Compound fluid extract of PINK ROOT, (Spigelia Marilandica.) The most effectual Worm destroying Medicine yet discovered.

THERE is no disease of any extensive character among the children of America, which originates all other diseases, and are the chief cause of Fevers, Bowel Complaints, and Chronic and Nervous diseases incident to childhood, which are numerous and frequently fatal. It is a fact worth to be remembered by every parent, that a large proportion of infants perfectly well and free from disease, if not entirely effected in the rickets, hooping cough, and in the remote stages of the latter, will be found to have worms. It is a well known fact that worms are sometimes the cause of convulsions, and also materially injure the health of parents.—The fluid of Wormseed which has been recommended and prescribed with the greatest success by the faculty, is admirable as an anthelmintic, as the product of spigelia, that wonderful worm destroyer is located even in. The Worm Tea, as it is commonly called, composed chiefly of Pink Root, is made in so large a quantity, and of such a weak and impure state as to be a great waste and there is no preparation in a concentrated form of spigelia which is considered safe and sure except it be the fluid. The Pink Root is considered by all who are acquainted with its properties, one of the safest and most effectual medicines. There is, however, considerable of that which is sold almost worthless: sometimes but a small portion of the root, is also sometimes found decayed and worthless as it cannot be preserved without the aid of some unacquainted with pharmaceutical preparations. Under these circumstances, S. W. Carpenter has found it advisable to prepare an extract of the Spigelia, combined with several of the other valuable properties of the root and herb, and by the assistance of the faculty, particularly those in the country, and in whose assistance he will be pleased to be favored by them in the correspondence of this article, which cannot fail to be of great service to physicians. These valuable properties are retained by the process of putting down the various properties introduced by the apparatus and evaporator, and which are productive of an evaporation to the Spigelia. Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, and can be had in small quantities, and will be sold to persons under any circumstances.

Prepared and sold, only, by Geo. W. Carpenter, at his Chemical Warehouse, No. 61 Market st. Philada. july 20—1f

Marshall's Worm Syrup

AND Infant Preservative, is recommended to all parents, nurses and others, who have the management of children, as the most safe and effectual worm destroying medicine yet discovered.

The symptoms denoting the existence of worms, are indigestion, with a variable appetite, foul tongue, off sweet breath, head, pain and dizziness, fever, restlessness, and sleep disturbed, with grating of the teeth, and starting during sleep, alternating with a short fever.

When these symptoms occur, the worm syrup, if taken according to the directions, will afford relief by destroying the worms and the materials of filthy matter in which they are nourished, and by giving such assistance to the digestive powers as may be necessary to restore the general health of the system.

The proprietor, with a full knowledge of all the different medicines now in use for the destruction of worms, can confidently recommend this syrup as the most safe and effectual vermifuge ever discovered, and one that will not require any other medicine to follow it, as it contains nothing that can injure the most delicate infant, or the strongest person.

The price of this Cordial, notwithstanding the many improvements made in all its departments, will not be increased. Where paid in advance, it will be furnished for the sum of $2 50, or $3 if not paid until the end of the year. Gentlemen at a distance remitting six subscriptions, are entitled to a copy gratis, and ten paid in advance, to a copy of the paper for 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1836, can be supplied to order.

☞ Orders, free of postage, will be promptly attended to. The mail will be found a safe conveyance for ordering the work and enclosing remittances. Address,

S. C. ATKINSON,
march 3— No. 12 Hudson's Alley, Philadelphia.

German and English Printing Office,

Lilly Alley, near Green street, Northern Liberties, between Second and Third streets.

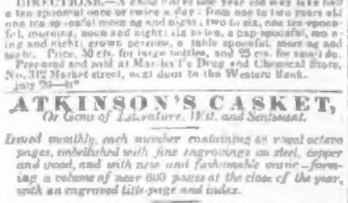
THE subscriber having purchased the above establishment, respectfully informs the public, that he is prepared to execute "job printing" in a handsome manner, and on reasonable terms. He solicits the patronage of the public, and will endeavor to merit a share of public favor.

AUGUSTUS GRAETER.

july 13—3y

SMITH & WARREN'S

SUPERIOR AMERICAN



RED AND BLACK INK,

Powders and Liquid Inks, warranted permanent, manufactured only by Richard North, Jr. No. 2 Franklin Place, opposite the Athenian Buildings, two doors from Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE above have been lately tested, and found to surpass all the opposite and spurious combined, which have never received a sufficient recommendation to the public of the various articles of the kind that have been procured in this country, at imported from Europe. It is confidently urged upon that a single trial of the Liquid Ink, or Ink Powder, (the latter of such general convenience to travellers, and particularly sea voyages, will prove their superiority over any of the preparations now in use.

It is recommended to merchants and others, who will find on trial, that it flows freely from the pen, retains its colour, and when a beautiful black ink is required for deeds and other parchment writing, this composition will never disappoint them. Any article of the kind manufactured in this country or with that imported from Europe. july 20—6mo

Bordentown & New Egypt Stage.

Will run until the 15th of Sept. next.

THE subscribers have commenced running a regular stage from Borden own to New Egypt. Starting from Scott's Hotel, New Egypt, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock, and from Bordentown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, at the arrival of the boats from Philadelphia; passing through the villages of Crosswicks, Rechhamtown and Jacobstown, to Mount, Thursday, and Friday afternoon about 4 o'clock: the stage will leave Bordentown for Crosswicks and Rechhamtown, and return next morning in time for the morning boat to Philadelphia. For seats apply to Davidson & Ayrel's Hotel, Bordentown; Peterson's Hotel, Crosswicks; and Pearce's Hotel, Rechhamtown; A. R. Rardin's Store, Jacobstown, and at Sheridan's Hotel, New Egypt. Passengers will be conveyed through any of the above neighbourhoods at a moderate charge. The subscribers, thankful for the liberal encouragement heretofore received, solicit a continuance and increase of the same. Fare from Bordentown to New Egypt, 50 cents; to Jacobstown, 37½ cents; Rechhamtown or Crosswicks, 25 cents.

JAMES PEARCE,
O. R. WARNER.

Prices reduced. june 29—

Adelphi Cotton Factory

WAREHOUSE.

NO. 242 Cedarhill, between fifth and 7th streets, Philadelphia, where for sale all kinds of knitting cotton, bleached and unbleached, blue and white, with a variety of elegant patterns of yarn, suitable for the present season, for sale at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

Also, stocking yarn and webbing, cotton cord, &c. and are adding to the extensive assortment daily. Orders left with Philip Garrett, No. 11 South Fourth street, or with Enoch Robbins, superintendent at the Adelphi Factory will be attended to. ☞ Wanted two or three stocking weavers. Enquire as above. june 15—6t

Summer Boarding.

THE subscriber has provided comfortable accommodations for a number of boarders during the summer, at his house in the village of Moorestown, New Jersey, where every convenience and attention. Independent of his own exertions to please, the situation offers many inducements, being one of the most pleasant and healthy in the neighborhood.

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Important Invention.

THE Subscriber having lately obtained letters patent from the United States for an improvement in SAWS, adapted to use in general, offers for sale, State or County Rights, as may be desired by purchasers.

The improvement consists of pairs of side cutters, as represented in the above cut, between the common teeth. The cutters are brought to an edge by a bevel commencing at the root of the teeth, every other one contrary wise, so that the sides of the saw kerf, (both are equal numbers of the cutters. The cutters have a set, and are located on the flat side parallel with the saw, a little beyond the points of the intermediate teeth. The points of the bevels project a little below the points of the intermediate teeth, so that they wholly perform the office of cutting the surfaces. The various k